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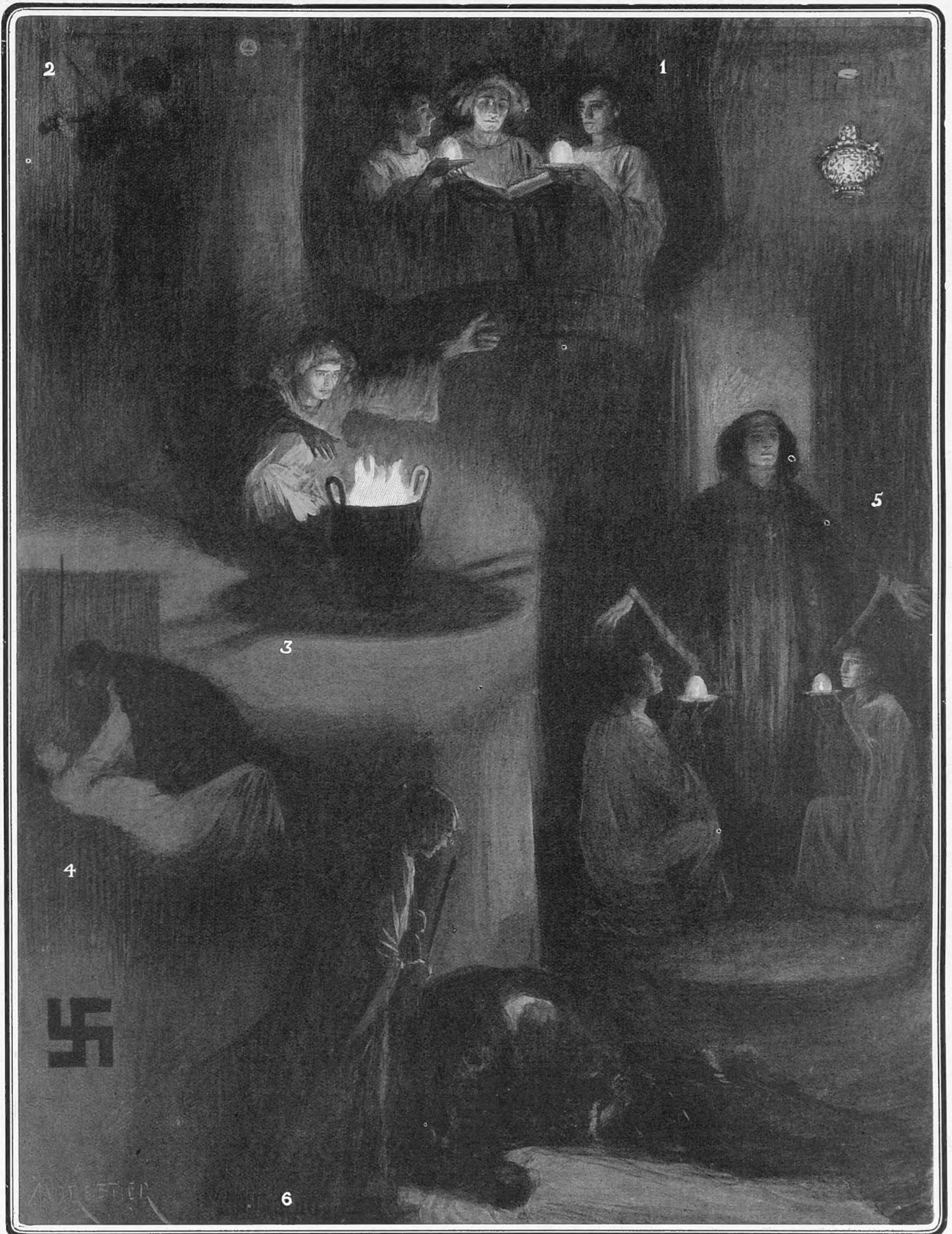
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## THE ELUSIVE RITES OF ELEUSIS: THE RITE OF SATURN.



1. THE RITE OPENS WITH A LITANY OF LAMENTATION.

2. THE MOTHER OF HEAVEN PLAYS AN INVOCATION ON THE VIOLIN, HER BACK TO THOSE PRESENT.

3. THE MASTER OF THE TEMPLE, SEATED BY THE CEREMONIAL FIRE, CALLED THE HELL BROTH, RECITES "THE EYES OF PHARAOH."

4. THE SUSPECTED TRAITOR, HAVING BEEN FOUND, IS SLAIN WITH A SPEAR.

5. AFTER IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED THAT THE TEMPLE IS EMPTY, THE MASTER RECITES A TRANSLATION OF VERLAINE'S "COLLOQUE SENTIMENTAL" AND SWINBURNE'S "GARDEN OF PROSERPINE."

6. IMPELLED BY THE DESPAIR WHICH HE HAS EXPRESSED BY A RECITAL OF THOMSON'S "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT," THE MASTER KILLS HIMSELF BY THE SIDE OF THE MESSENGER OF JOY, WHO HAS FALLEN EXHAUSTED BY THE ALTAR; THE MOTHER OF HEAVEN WEEPS OVER HIM, AND, FOR A MOMENT, THE ANGEL OF DEATH IS SEEN.

There began last week, in the Caxton Hall, a series of celebrations of the Rites of Eleusis. Then was given the Rite of Saturn; to follow are the Rites of Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and Luna. So far as the first celebration was concerned, the hall was so dark that one may well call the Rites of Eleusis elusive. The Rite of Saturn is the first of the seven Rites of Eleusis, which are described as illustrating humanity, its fate, good and evil. In the first rite, Man, unable to solve the riddle of existence, takes counsel of Saturn, extreme old age. Such answer as he can get is the one word "Despair." In his "Eleusis," Mr. Aleister Crowley writes: "When I have seen God face to face and read within those eternal eyes the secret that shall make you free, Then will I choose you and test you and instruct you in the Mysteries of Eleusis, O ye brave hearts, and cool eyes, and trembling lips! I will put a live coal upon your lips, and flowers upon your eyes, and a sword in your hearts, and ye also shall see God face to face."



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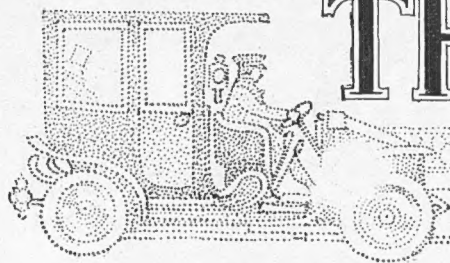
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# THE CLUBMAN



## The Monaco Revolution.

When I read that the entire population of Monaco had held a meeting in the Théâtre des Variétés to learn what was the result of their threat to depose the reigning Prince it occurred to me that the great events of the Principality were taking place amidst exactly suitable surroundings. The revolution of Monaco will, I am quite sure, figure on the stage in many comic operas. The great grievance of the population of the Principality has been that the reigning Prince had the spending of all the revenues, and apparently he did not spend the money in the way his subjects liked. Possibly the people of Monaco do not appreciate the great museum for the exhibition of the result of the Prince's deep-sea investigations, or the great Cathedral which he has built, though they certainly get the full benefit of the new hospital. In any case, Prince Albert, sooner than run the risk of being deposed, and of seeing his son Prince Louis enthroned in the Castle on the rock, has given his Governor-General unlimited leave of absence, and has allowed his subjects to have the spending of a quarter of a million pounds annually. That the ex-Governor-General is an Admiral adds to the comic-opera

what will practically be an occupation of the southern part of Persia; but we are between the devil and the deep sea in the matter, and Russia will have none of the scruples we show in laying a strong hand on that portion of Persia which has been handed over to her influence.

## The Air-ship Month.

October has proved to be the air-ship month, for M. Clément, who has been waiting since the summer for weather which would be settled enough to give his great air-ship an opportunity of crossing from Paris to London without any danger, has accomplished the feat; and the "America" made a bold attempt to fly over the Atlantic. It would seem, to those of us who are content with old-fashioned methods of locomotion, that whatever may be the immediate future of the aeroplane as a passenger-carrying conveyance, the dirigible balloon seems likely, for a long time to come, to be only for the adventurous in anything except very steady weather. Anyone who has been up in an ordinary non-dirigible balloon knows that the exciting moments come during the descent when the car nears the ground, and a severe bumping falls to the lot of most passengers in most balloon-baskets. With the dirigible balloons the chance of a misfortune when starting or descending in gusty weather is just as great, or even greater, in proportion to the greater size of the balloon. The "Zeppelin," the most successful of passenger air-ships, made its ascents and descents, always "weather permitting," from the centre of the wide plain at Oos, where there is nothing more formidable than a few stunted trees within half a mile of the shed.

The "America." After the adventures the crew of the "America" went through, no man, unless he has that triple brass about his heart which the Latin poet sang of, will start again on a long voyage over



FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN FOX AND HOUNDS: REYNARD DISDAINS THE ADVANCES OF ONE OF THE HOUNDS.

spirit of the proceedings. It is said that the Prince's Carbineers, the army of the State, which is just sufficiently strong to do police duty, and find a guard for the royal palace, would have refused to fire on the populace. Bloodshed in a variety-show revolution would have been quite out of place. To keep up the true spirit of the revolution, the great-hearted patriots of Monaco should expend their first year's revenue in the erection of the long-promised big theatre on the Condamine.

## Persia.

On the north-western frontier of India the tribes are becoming very troublesome, the Afridis being particularly restless; and though we hear very little about it in England, India is taking precautions against what may prove a great conflagration. Our warning to Persia, that if she cannot set her house in order we will come and do it for her by organising an armed force in the southern part of that kingdom, while the Russians do the same in the northern part, is not entirely unconnected with the turbulence of the hillmen in that no-man's land which lies between Afghanistan and our dominions. Since the slave trade has ceased to be a profitable industry in the Persian Gulf, the running of arms to be despatched overland to Afghanistan and the frontier has become one of the most exciting and best-paid occupations for the restless spirits of the East. Some of these arms are carried across Persia, though most go through Baluchistan. Our cavalry from our outposts make attempts, sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, to capture the caravans of the arm-smugglers crossing the desert in our territory, and some very desperate skirmishes occur in this exacting duty. But though Persia may be willing enough to discourage the traffic which is carried on over her borders, there is no settled rule in the land, and pillagers who profess to be royalists fight for the possession of cities against other pillagers who call themselves nationalists. No doubt, remembering the troubles that the occupation of Egypt has brought to us, our statesmen will not embark with a light heart on



THE KISS OF PEACE: A HOUND LICKING THE MUZZLE OF A FOX.

photographs by Silk.

an ocean. In the case of an air-ship there is no such thing as riding out a storm, head to the gale, and with only enough canvas set to keep the ship steady. An airship is always under full sail. When, through leakage of gas, the "America" dips once again down to the sea-level, she may be a danger to shipping, and certainly the "Flying Dutchman" could not strike so much terror into the seaman's heart as would the apparition in foggy weather of the mighty whale-shaped balloon, dragging her tail through the sea, rushing past some sailing-ship or tramp-steamer, which had left its last port before it was announced that the great air-ship was going to make her attempt to fly to Europe.

## Cab-Rank Telephones.

I notice with interest that a small street telephone box is being erected at the Melbury Road cab-rank, where there is no cabmen's shelter. If this experiment is successful, and if the occupiers of houses find that they can bring a cab to their doors quicker by telephoning for it than by sending their servants out into the streets to whistle, no doubt there will be an up-crop of similar telephone boxes all over London, and one of the nuisances of noise in the streets and squares where well-to-do people live will disappear.



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

THERE are four hundred and forty - one thousand pairs of ammunition-boots perishing to serve their country. Unfortunately, eight hundred and eighty-two thousand military feet are missing.



The Soudan is the latest place for town-planning. This is a first-rate idea for amateurs. There is plenty of room, and they can town-plan till they are black in the face without interfering with anyone.

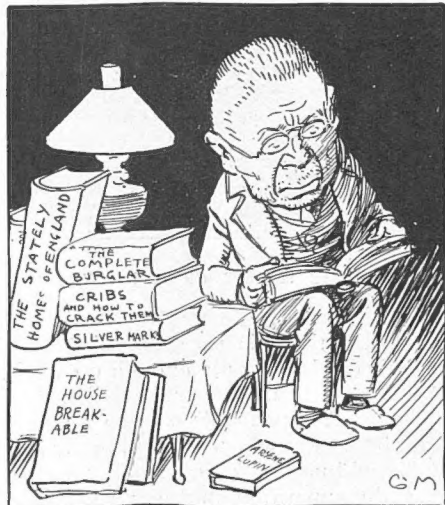
Colonel Patterson states that, the fewer clothes the natives of East Africa wear, the more moral they are. Happily, in England even pyjamas are quite moral on the stage.

**MIND AND MUSCLE.**  
("The modern youth is growing more and more effeminate.")

Percy is getting it hot just now,  
Pepper and snuff combined;  
The halo is snatched from the vacant brow  
That covers his vacant mind.  
For even the maidens he lives to daze  
Declare he's an "also-ran,"  
A cheap spick-and-spandy, twopenny dandy,  
Effeminate modern man.

Percy, to tell you the simple truth,  
Since the matter has been discussed,  
To call you a muscle-less, brainless youth,  
I consider is most unjust.  
Your brain created the rainbow sock,  
And the thunder-and-lightning vest,  
While your habit of wearing raiment so glaring  
Is a first-class muscular test.

The Marylebone magistrate says that it is nonsense to talk of the rapid diminution of crime. Quite right. The spread of education has made our criminals intelligent enough to avoid detection.



Unconscious humour is seldom absent from a Blue Book. Here are some contiguous figures from the London Report—

Dogs seized	...	...	24,493
Unsound food seized (tons)	...	...	12,017½
Area of cemeteries (acres)	...	...	2,510½

Quite a novel in a nutshell.

Pentamethoxybenzylidenacetophenone is the new test. No man who is really sober can say this straight off.

According to the London statistics, the best marrying age for a London girl is twenty-one. How ignorant these official publications are! Any age is the best age.

At Stratford Mop the upholders of the Baconian theory roasted a pig whole in front of Shakespeare's birthplace. This cheery method of controversy made many converts among the hungry onlookers.

Much jewellery has been found hidden for twenty years in the roots of a tree near Liverpool. These things occur now and again in real life just to give an air of actuality to serial stories.



The two most popular hats this autumn are the "Little Angel" and the "Serpent." The "Little Angel" will be worn by the Adventuress who wishes to look guileless, and the "Serpent" by the Flapper who wishes to look guileful.

There is a rumour that the girl students of Oxford are to be subject to the discipline of the University. There are evidently lively times in store for Proggins



when he asks the name and college of some giddy Suffragette.

## THE MECHANICAL CHARWOMAN.

(The solution of the eternal servant problem by the evolution of the charwoman was predicted at the Women Workers' Conference.)

The servant problem's solved at last,  
The Golden Age begins;  
Into the outer dark has passed  
Betsy of many sins.  
Old china she will leave intact,  
Unsmashed the priceless jar,  
Crown Derby, Swansea, Sevres uncracked—  
Our coming Perfect Char.

She is compact of springs of steel,  
A weird kaleidoscope  
Of cog, and crank, and nut, and wheel,  
And whirring gyroscope.  
And whether watt, or volt, or ohm,  
Or Shell her spirits are,  
She will be sunshine in the home,  
Our coming Perfect Char.



The kingdom of Auld Scotland is after Mr. Hall-Blythe with a skean-dhu and a toasting-fork for saying that the Brig of Ayr is an ugly humbug. But if Burns (Robert) did not write about it, Lord Rosebery gushed over it, and that's something.



## REYNARD'S ENEMIES: NEW MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS.



1. COLONEL A. H. CARTER, NEW MASTER OF THE MID-DEVON.

2. CAPTAIN F. CHAMPION, NEW MASTER OF THE WEST NORFOLK.

3. MR. B. C. KIDD, NEW MASTER OF THE WEST KENT.

4. MR. J. S. H. FULLERTON, NEW MASTER OF THE YORK AND AINSTY.

5. MR. J. F. TWINBERROW, NEW JOINT-MASTER OF THE TEME VALLEY.

6. SIR J. HUME-CAMPBELL, Bt., NEW MASTER OF THE BERWICKSHIRE.

7. MR. S. S. LOCKWOOD, NEW MASTER OF THE STANTON DALE.

8. MR. R. GUY EVERARD, NEW MASTER OF THE SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE.

Of the new Masters whose portraits are given on this page, the following also act as huntsmen for their respective packs—Colonel A. H. Carter, Sir John Hume-Campbell, Mr. S. S. Lockwood, and Mr. R. Guy Everard. Mr. Twinberrow is joint-master of the Teme Valley with Mr. T. A. Lote.

*Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Lafayette, and Downey.*





# SMALL TALK



HAD the King gone to King's Lynn at the date originally fixed, it is probable that the Queen would have visited the Duke and Duchess of Teck at The Farm House, Holkham. Even King George, who is much less keen as an agriculturist than his father was, hears the invitation of the fields and folds when he is in Norfolk. He will never be a "Farmer George," but he has a natural instinct for the points of live stock, and Queen Mary takes a keen interest in all countryside transactions, from the churning of butter to the training of holly-hedges. The complaint of another exalted lady, that she has so few opportunities of digging potatoes, proves that Courts cannot drown the call of Mother Earth. The Farm House belongs to Lord Leicester, one

of the most rural of Earls, and is near Holkham Hall, a place but lately redeemed from the Dark Ages in regard to lighting, heating, and other domestic arrangements. Lord Leicester gave a first sitting last week to the painter of his and most other people's choice. A man of great height, and still side-whiskered after the fashion of the officers he most admired in his youth, Lord Leicester promises to make a splendid "Orpen."

TO MARRY MISS IDA MURIEL GOODWIN TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): CAPTAIN J. P. MOIR, D.S.O., OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN G. H. WALFORD YESTERDAY (TUESDAY): MISS INEZ TREADWELL.

Mrs. G. H. Walford is the only daughter of Dr. O. F. N. Treadwell, medical superintendent of Parkhurst Prison and Parkhurst State Criminal Asylum. Captain Walford, of the 2nd Battalion Suffolk Regiment, is the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Walford, of the 20th Hussars, and of Mrs. Walford, of Wreclesham Grange, Farnham.

Photograph by Debenham.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN J. P. MOIR TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS IDA GOODWIN, DAUGHTER OF THE REV. H. A. GOODWIN.

Photograph by Lafayette.

morbid are not of the air, and much of the following criticism is strangely severe: "The whole atmosphere of the book is so highly unnatural, the outlook so unhealthy and narrow, that it is difficult to do it justice. It reflects nothing on heaven or earth save certain fitful shadows from his own never quite healthy imagination." Lord Dunsany was in the Coldstream Guards and the South African War; six years ago he married Lady Beatrice Cecil, a daughter of Lord Jersey; he is a nephew of Sir Horace Plunkett, and his prose, for all his critics say, has a reserve of strength that is more noticeable on account of the uncanniness of his themes.

*A Preference.* On one of her several visits to England, Mme.

Jane Hading gained the approval of a playgoer very hard to please — one who remembered Rachel and had little admiration for a French tragedian still living, as little admiration as he had for the Romantic drama. We have named, as the Paris journalist says when he has so far named nobody — we have named George Meredith. On the drawing-room mantelpiece in the little Box Hill cottage stood for some latter years a very few photographs — those of the novelist's children and his little grandchildren, and of two ladies, one of them Mme. Hading. It must have been an admiration of long standing, for during many years of late life George Meredith went to no theatre.

*Vice-Versa.* A topsy-turvy world to be sure! The very humble young amateur stage to begin as a only in search of emancipation



TO BE MARRIED ON THE 29TH: MISS GLADYS VIOLET PICOT, AND LIEUTENANT AND COMMANDER ERIC Q. CARTER, R.N.

Miss Picot is the only daughter of Major F. S. Picot, late Wiltshire Regiment, and of Mrs. Picot, of Commandant's House, Detention Barracks, Gosport. Lieutenant and Commander Eric Carter is a son of the late Deputy-Surgeon-General R. W. Carter.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Russell.



*St. James's Square.* Although it is many months since Lord Derby left St. James's Square for Stratford Place, the fate of Derby House has only now been sealed, and workmen are adapting the ground floor to the undomestic uses of the English and Scottish Assurance Company. The destiny of the upper portion, containing a splendid ballroom, is still to seek; but it will, in all probability, be turned into a club house, like so many other mansions in the square. The Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall is helping to hurry the changes there: a motor garage is to take the place of the Bell Inn, an exchange which will materially affect the Duke of Norfolk's chances of hearing a street-organ, his favourite instrument, from the windows of Norfolk House. Disappearing Derby House is itself connected with the Howards; the seventh Duke died there.

"Dunsany the Uncanny."

Hard words have been meted out to Lord Dunsany by a prominent contemporary. His new book, "A Dreamer's Tales," is reported to be "morbidity and barren, and very much in the air." It might be answered that things

woman who aspires on the Duchess is not really vain, but from her daily lot. Of a Duke's daughter, equally bored by her own magnificent monotonies, we consequently read that she now ambitions a character even more democratic than her old one of a navy in corduroys, with a short cutty pipe in her mouth! George Meredith would have given Lady Marjorie Manners a scolding all the same; for he thought hardly of any lady who could play such a part; a transformation, which, after all, is no more than mere love of change. Similarly, Disraeli was a censor of young men who play hooligan, and talk less with statesmen than with grooms. "Oh," a young blood one day retorted on him, "we know *your* opinions are not stable."



TO BE MARRIED TO CAPTAIN ROMER BAGGALLAY ON THE 27TH: MISS KATHLEEN MURPHY.

Miss Murphy is a daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Murphy, of Stafford and Uruguay.

Photograph by Weston.



TO MARRY MISS KATHLEEN MURPHY ON THE 27TH: CAPTAIN ROMER BAGGALLAY.

Captain Baggallay, of the 11th Hussars, is the elder son of the late Mr. Claude Baggallay, K.C. The wedding is to take place at Brompton Oratory. — [Photograph by Weston.]



## NOT TO BE USED WITH GIFT - HORSES :

THE AGE TOLD BY THE TEETH.



1. THE TEETH OF THE TWO-YEAR-OLD : THE INCISORS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CORNER TEETH, ARE LEVELLED. THE FORE TEETH ARE MORE OR LESS DIVIDED, SHOWING SIGNS THAT THEY WILL SOON FALL OUT.
3. THE TEETH OF A FOUR-YEAR-OLD : THE MIDDLE TEETH APPEAR. THE CENTRAL ENAMEL IS VERY CIRCUMSCRIBED.
5. THE TEETH OF A NINE-YEAR-OLD : THE CENTRAL ENAMEL LESSENS AND GETS NEARER TOP OF INCISORS. THE MIDDLE TEETH BECOME ROUNDED.

2. THE TEETH OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD : THE ADULT FORE TEETH APPEAR. THE MIDDLE TEETH ARE LEVELLED. PRONOUNCED WEAR OF CORNER TEETH.
4. THE TEETH OF A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD : THE FORE AND MIDDLE TEETH ARE LEVELLED, AND THE CENTRAL ENAMEL IS CLEARLY MARKED.
6. THE TEETH OF A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD : AT FIFTEEN AND SIXTEEN THE TEETH BECOME MORE AND MORE HORIZONTAL, THE GUMS REcede, THE TEETH BECOME DIVIDED AND THEIR ROOTS ARE VERY APPARENT. THE JAWS FORM A VERY SHARP ANGLE.

It has been said, with very much truth, that one must not look a gift-horse in the mouth, but there is nothing to prevent anyone discovering the age of other steeds, for the age of a horse is well shown by the changes that take place in its teeth. This point our photographs make obvious. All of them show the lower jaw.



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE KING, by his unfaltering loyalty to his fallen relative and friend, has revived in the breasts of his subjects a feeling of sympathy and hospitality towards King Manoel. During the first day of the Revolution the censors in Lisbon so deftly controlled the Press wires that it looked for a time as if England would be beguiled into the Revolutionary attitude towards the House of Braganza. King George was not deceived, and his prompt action has saved the fugitives from many indignities. After giving audience to the Duke of Orleans prior to King Manuel's arrival, he has offered palpable signs of his personal sympathy and welcome. He is the friend of exiles. The Empress Eugénie paid her respects at Marlborough House just before the arrival in England of Portugal's exile.

## Regal and Viceregal Friends.

Lord Lytton's visit to the King confirms an

old friendship. Born in Simla in 1876, he enshrines in his names—Victor Alexander George—association with two Queens, and an accidental link with his Majesty. At present he is prominent as one of the few Earls who have cared to brave the ridicule cast at the cause of Woman's Suffrage, and as one of the few political controversialists who have sacrificed a personal friendship for a principle. But while he broke with Mr. Winston Churchill, at Court he is perhaps none the less *persona grata* for the strength of his convictions in this particular. Moreover, Lord Lytton loses nothing in royal favour because he happens to be rather a particular friend of Portugal's discarded Ambassador. On the day of M. de Soveral's resignation, he and Lord Lytton sallied forth together and were confronted by the poster of an afternoon paper containing his Excellency's name as its leading line. The two men stopped before it. "Well," said the Ambassador, after a pause, "I sometimes thought that might happen to me when I was dead: I never thought to see it with my own eyes."

## 'Twixt Cup and Lip.

Looking back from his haven of Honeymoon, Lord

Lovat can fairly tremble to think how nearly, in the quick currents of busy London life, he missed the capture of his Prize. Not an intimate of the Prime Minister and his wife, when, two or three months ago, he received, at rather short notice, an invitation to dinner at 10, Downing Street, he resolved, under

the pressure of other impending social duties, to deny himself the pleasure. But he forgot to reply; and when, a week later, he came upon the unanswered invitation, the delay seemed to make the difference, and the laggard, fearing his absence might cause an awkward gap at the last moment, wired "Delighted." And he was. He went, and he took into dinner the niece of his hostess—then a new acquaintance, and now his wife.

## Hooks and the Hostess.

The inconvenience of 10, Downing Street for any great social function was apparent once again at the reception following the Lovat wedding. No room, even with factitious enlargements, sufficed to hold the guests at one sitting for refreshment. Some of the guests did not even find their way into the main room, where, by the way, Mr. Asquith sat at a small table with Mr. Balfour—the couple presenting a contrast in tension and urbanity. These stragglers were accommodated at improvised buffets in odd corners, and did not in all cases satisfy their appetites. But Mrs. Asquith was the greatest sufferer of all. She had magnanimously given up her own room and her maid to the bride, and, running to change in order to catch a train, found herself in a room without a bell, and yet in urgent need of assistance to get out of the entanglement of a blouse with hooks that caught the hair. Nobody was quite so forlorn and stranded as the greatest hostess of London that day, with a house full of the smartest people and fifty servants, to say nothing of sixty Lovat Scouts in the offing! Only a former resident of No. 10, Lord Beaconsfield himself, could have done full justice to the situation.

## Rome and Rhodesia.

The Duke of Westminster has sailed for South Africa, where he will visit Rhodesia and attend to the affairs of his property in Orange River Colony. He is not sorry to be gone, for his South African land is fully as interesting to him as the six hundred acres he holds in London or the fifty times six hundred in Cheshire and Flintshire. Of his own buying, his South African farms have a peculiar and personal charm for him, and the continent holds some of the most exciting memories of a

life of excitements. He was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and it was he who hoisted the British flag in Pretoria, while from Lord Milner he caught the itch for Empire. The Duchess of Westminster is in Italy with her father, Colonel Cornwallis-West.



LADY RACHEL  
CAVENDISH  
(BORN 1902).



LADY DOROTHY  
EVELYN CAVENDISH  
(BORN 1900).



LADY BLANCHE CAVENDISH  
(BORN 1898).



LADY MAUD CAVENDISH  
(BORN 1896).

CAVENDISHES: CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Duke and Duchess have two other children—the Marquess of Hartington (born 1895) and Lady Anne Cavendish (born 1909), some portraits of whom appear elsewhere in this Number.

Photographs by Rita Martin.



## THE IMPRISONMENT OF PRISONERS' "JUDGES": "LOCKED UP" JURYMEN.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



AS IT IS IN THE UNITED STATES: "THE OBSTINATE JUROR."



AS IT IS IN ENGLAND: JURYMEN IN A MURDER CASE SEEKING RELAXATION WHILE CONFINED TO THEIR HOTEL BY THE AUTHORITIES.

The jury engaged on a murder trial at the Central Criminal Court (known to most as the New Old Bailey) are cut off from the world during the hearing of the case, so that it may be impossible for anyone to tamper with them or to bias their opinion. They may not even send or receive letters. Lodging is provided for them at the Manchester Hotel, in Aldersgate Street. The bed-rooms are divided from the rest of the hotel by a door at one end of the corridor. This corridor, which is locked up each night by the hotel manager, is entered by the jury by a private staircase. A court official sleeps in a room near the door, and two or three officials are in constant attendance on the jury. With regard to the drawing of an American jury scene, this is described as follows: "It shows a familiar and amusing aspect of our [the American] jury system, and will come home with especial keenness to every man who has 'done jury duty.'"

*The Drawing of the English jury, by Frank Reynolds, reproduced by Courtesy of the "Illustrated London News"; the Drawing "An Obstinate Juror," copyright by P. F. Collier and Son.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## "Company for George."

Even a farce must have a backbone, a fact which has not impressed itself upon the mind of Mr. Warren Bell, the author of "Company for George," given at the Kingsway Theatre. This farce was a curiously invertebrate creature. It had its funny moments. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, for instance, made a good deal of a scheme to put a stuffed dog in the middle of the road and earn a few pounds from motorists who ran over it; and his success in the judicial inquiry into this scandalous piece of blackmailing was most entertaining. But, then, Mr. Douglas has a most entertaining manner in everything he does, and the bricks he makes require very little straw. Miss Eva Moore, too, managed to extract some humour from the part of a hostess who had a guest that would not go. Mr. Warren Bell has been content to rely too much upon the personalities of these two clever players; the rest is wonderfully childlike and inconsequent.

## Mr. Maugham's New Play.

"Grace" had a very favourable reception on the first night, and this, apparently, is due chiefly to the strength and sincerity of the last act: a welcome fact, for it may suggest to the talented author that the public is growing a little weary of smart dialogue and ingenious theatricality. Probably, but for the sudden turn to real drama, the play would have fallen flat. Towards the end of the third act people were getting tired of the comic old lady and of Grace's comic paramour, and since they hardly believed that the heroine could have been guilty of such a vulgar intrigue as she admitted, and were unable to guess what the three acts were leading up to, even the strong scenes with the gamekeeper (the gun business was sadly artificial) did not grip them. It is a curious play; some of it admirable, much of it almost irritating, and all of it clever: the quaint slang phrase, "too jolly clever by half," not infrequently applies to Mr. Maugham. The last act gives interesting material for discussion, and there will be some pretty domestic quarrels as to whether Grace ought or ought not to have confessed to her husband her quite abominable lapse. Here "Grace" fulfils one of the important functions of drama—it gives people something to think about.

**County Manners.** There will also be much discussion about the picture of the manners and ideas of the county families—a topic on which I do not venture to embark: if the author's picture is at all correct, I am content to remain quite ignorant. Despite the charm of Lady Tree's personality, I should not care much about such a vulgar old body as Mrs. Insole. I think one may take the character as a caricature very cleverly acted. Mr. Insole is credible enough, if unattractive, except that Mr. Dennis Eadie, admirable otherwise, could not help giving him a little note of intelligence and distinction which seemed out of the case—for how could such a Mr. Insole have

endured the society of a bounder like the Mr. Cobbett rather ingeniously played by Mr. Wontner? The real hit was made by Mr. Edmund Gwenn, very sincere and powerful as the gamekeeper, and Miss Gertrude Lang rendered the part of his daughter creditably. The young county lady presented by Miss Lillah McCarthy was rather in the nature of a piece of stage-machinery than a human being, and even the talent and charm of the actress could not make much of her. Last, and, of course, most, is Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who played the name-part with great success, from an emotional point of view, without giving a very strong suggestion of character: she was effective rather than convincing.



THE NORWEGIAN ACTRESS WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "THE WHIP": MME. LILLEMÖHR HALVORSEN.

## Return of Mr. Asche and Miss Brayton.

What a hearty welcome at the New Theatre for Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche! Almost worth while to go away for a long time in order to get such a greeting upon one's return! There would, however, not have been such a greeting if the record of the admirable artists had consisted entirely of pieces like "Count Hannibal," which, by its style, gave one the idea that it had been left behind by the former tenants. However, the new "romantic play" has plenty of the fights—one quite good—the narrow escapes and tremendous adventures suggested by the term, and probably there are still crowds of patrons for this kind of thing when staged handsomely and acted superbly. A pity that Miss Brayton's part is not better; nevertheless, as a kind of Katherine who, vowing she would never consent, consented, her charm and talent enable her to do wonders. Mr. Asche was quite a magnificent Petruchio called Hannibal, and kept the play alive, except during ten minutes in the last act that might well be cut. Mr. Ben Webster acted excellently as a sort of villain, Mr. Herbert Grimwood gave quite a striking picture of Charles IX., and Mr. Athol Forde played very well the part of an old soldier. The general acting was remarkably good.

**The Toy Play.** Notwithstanding its prettiness, one feels that "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," which in its deliberate avoidance of realism might be called a toy play, does not quite hit the mark. There is too much of the obviously pathetic. One could foresee exactly the opportunities for tear-drawing that would be offered to the four principals in the last act, just as one could guess exactly when the easily anticipated god would pop out of the machine. However, there is plenty of pathos as well as of simple humour, and the charming performance of Miss Margery Maude and acting of Miss Kate Rorke and Messrs. Cyril Maude, Sheil Barry, Beveridge, and Fred Lewis won much admiration. Also, there is a delightful dog performer. Mr. Strong's play is preceded by a clever little work called "Between Soup and Savoury," excellently played by Miss Margaret Murray, Miss M. Buchanan, and Miss Ross. The last-named showed much talent in a Hilda Trevelyan part.



TO PLAY MISS NANCY PRICE'S PART IN "THE WHIP," AT DRURY LANE: MME. LILLEMÖHR HALVORSEN.

Towards the end of the month, Miss Nancy Price is giving up her original part of Mrs. d'Aquila in "The Whip," at Drury Lane. Mme. Halvorsen is to play the part. The newcomer, who will thus fill her first engagement in this country, was born in Bergen, in Norway, in 1836, her father being the well-known actor, Nicolai Halvorsen, who, at the National Theatre, in Kristiania, has for twenty years played all the leading parts in Henrik Ibsen's dramas. At ten years of age Miss Halvorsen played Eyolf in "Little Eyolf," and, later, Helga in Bjornson's "Geography and Love." After the first performance of this play she was engaged at the National Theatre, and thenceforth had constant and conspicuous parts in both Norwegian and foreign plays until 1906, when she left the stage to marry Mr. Christian Mohr, second son of the late King Oscar of Sweden's Chamberlain. A year after her marriage she became a widow, and went back to Norway, remaining there until she accepted Mr. Collins's offer to appear at Drury Lane.

## FRENCH "KING"; AND HOST OF PORTUGAL'S EX-KING.



THE EXILE WHO MIGHT BE KING OF FRANCE, HAD FRANCE A KING: THE DUKE OF ORLEANS,  
AT WHOSE HOUSE MANOEL II. IS STAYING.

If there were a King in France, the Duke of Orleans, by heredity, would be that King; as it is, he is content to live in semi-royal state in England at his beautiful Worcestershire home, Wood Norton, where he is now entertaining the dethroned King of Portugal and Queen Amelia. Especial interest attaches, of course, to Manoel II.'s stay at Wood Norton, and this was by no means lessened when it was announced that King George and Queen Mary had decided to call upon the royal exiles on Saturday last. It will be recalled that his Majesty sent the royal yacht to Gibraltar to bring the dethroned King to England. We have added to the photograph of the Duke a portrait of the Duchess of Orleans and a photograph of those gates at Wood Norton which are opened to royal personages only.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs by Vandyk and C. N.



# KEYNOTES

## THE CHARM OF "LE CHEMINEAU."

IT is a pleasant thought that, in considering a new work, the student of music is not bound by the opinions expressed or implied by those who are present at the first performance. If Xavier Leroux's opera "Le Chemineau" were worth nothing more than the reception it gained or the audience it attracted when heard at Covent Garden a few days ago, there would be no need to write about it. One might say with Horace, *Sepelit natura relictos*. But M. Leroux has written one of the most beautiful operas of recent years—a work that should succeed in creating a responsive audience even in London. It becomes a privilege as well as a pleasure to call attention to the many merits that serve to enhance the charm of M. Richepin's play in a musical setting. Only a poet could have written the play; only a poet could have created the orchestral atmosphere that brings out so clearly all the appeal of the story. M. Leroux is one of the band of modern French musicians whose gift is closely allied to those of the painter and the man of letters; we have in France to-day writers who are painters and musicians, painters who are musicians and romancists, musicians who embrace both painting and literature. M. Leroux's opera, as mounted and cast by Mr. Beecham at Covent Garden and directed by Mr. Percy Pitt, brings about the union of the arts for which Wagner himself strove—it satisfies all the senses. The music never dominates the story; the story never runs away from the music; the setting supports both. Lovers of crude music-drama, of strong, full-flavoured stories that would not be out of place in the police-court or at the Assizes, take nothing to "Le Chemineau" and carry as much away. On the other hand, those who realise that the romance of our own times is not of necessity either sordid or sensational, who understand that poetry still lingers in the byways and can still inform a life in which the uglier aspect of modernity plays no part, will enjoy M. Leroux's opera.

Le Chemineau himself is true to life; he has heard the song of the open road, and it sets tingling all the blood in his veins. He may rest awhile, he may love a little, but his real and lasting love is for liberty, *l'insouciuse fée, aux claires sourires d'or*. Men may work and women may weep; he will work when he must, and sow the crop of tears that women will reap; but harvesting will find him far away. Here is a theme for the poet, whether he write in *argot* or in musical notes, and M. Leroux has dealt with it in fashion hard to overpraise. His score, written three or four years ago, and bearing the hall-mark of Parisian success, has all the freshness and enthusiasm of youth; it sparkles with melody, it follows the moods of the stage with unerring certainty of touch and feeling, it throws a wonderful light upon the central figure of Le Chemineau, for whom poor Toinette is no more than one of the

golden sheaves that have fallen to his sickle along the unending countryside. At first the music sings the song of summer, the lyrical rapture seems almost careless in its spontaneity; and when at last the scene has changed, and the closing hour has brought winter both to the land and those who were young in the opening hour, the music is still of the country, still true to the expression of emotions born of the fields and the open road. Throughout the opera the score seems to belong to the people round whom it is woven; there is no violent passion, no orchestral climacteric to jar the sensitive ear with an unnecessary reminder that instruments must obey a composer, even though in

doing so they violate the canons of taste. Nothing is more notable in a striking composition than the restraint that pervades it.

M. Leroux is a great musician; he knows the exact capacity of every instrument to express what is in his mind, he writes fluently but with distinction, a certain lyrical grace is ever present, and his sympathy with the simple folk whom the story brings to the stage never fails or falters. In fact the listener, accustomed to violent effects and exhibitions of tiresome cleverness, may find it difficult at times to realise how just the composer is to his theme and to his art. We have so little experience of restraint in music that, at a first hearing, "Le Chemineau" is well-nigh perplexing; only when all is over and we have time to reflect can the full measure of the musician's achievement be recognised. If Mr. Beecham will have the courage of his convictions—and there is no occasion to mistrust him—he may give to "Le Chemineau" the popularity it deserves; he may lead his public away from the more violent and often inartistic utterances in which so great a part

of it delights. Opera has catered too long for the lovers of crude sensation, and by this policy has frightened away or tired those who know that the mirror it holds to Nature is no more than a medium for distortion. There must be in London thousands of playgoers and music-lovers to whom M. Leroux's opera would appeal at least as surely as "Ragged Robin" appealed as a play. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Beecham is looking for these people.

Mr. Percy Pitt conducted the music most ably: nobody could have realised more clearly the charm of the story or the intention of the composer. The mounting was worthy the traditions of Covent Garden, and the company engaged sang and acted excellently. M. Roselli's voice and action were admirably suited in the name-part; Miss Elizabeth Amsden's Toinette was a most careful and artistic study of a difficult rôle; Mesdames Edna Thornton and Beatrice la Palme were happy in smaller parts. So, too, were M. Maurice d'Oisly and Mr. Harry Dearth. It is a pity that the free use of *argot* made so much clear enunciation of little value to those of us who are not on any terms of intimacy with French slang.

COMMON CHORD.



THE DANCING SILHOUETTE WITH HEADRESS SUGGESTING A WELL-CLIPPED YEW-HEDGE: Mlle. HIPPOLITA D'HELLAS IN HER MOORISH DANCE.

Mlle. d'Hellas is giving curious shadow-dances at the Palace. The lighting is so arranged that she appears, as it were, in silhouette during her performance. In her Moorish dance, she wears a coiffure which, as has been aptly said, suggests a well-clipped yew-hedge.

Photographs by W. Weis.

Crank Cures.



VI.—THE MECHANICAL MESMERISER FOR LIVER AND LUMBAGO.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



# MY FIRST APPEARANCE

VII.—MISS EVIE GREENE.

**A** LONG, thin little girl of fourteen dancing with three other girls not quite so long and not quite so thin. That was what I was when I made my first appearance on the stage in Mr. Charles Wybrow's company in the comic opera of "Maid Marion," at the theatre in Yarmouth. Young as I was, I had run away from home in order to accomplish the dearest wish of my life. My father and mother were, like so many fathers and mothers, strongly opposed to the idea of a stage career for me, and as I could not get their consent, I resolved to do without it. Doing without it, however, was not quite so delightful as I thought it would be. Over and over again, when I was away, I longed for my mother. To a certain extent it affected my natural gaiety, and they used to call me "the Girl with the Secret Sorrow," because of my sad little face. I recognised the truth of the nickname, though I did not confess to the reason for that sadness.

To get that engagement I went to an agent's in Leicester Square, and I applied for work as a dancer in a company which was going on tour. The room was full of people, and I sat down and waited, hoping every time the door opened and he came out that he would notice me. I waited for hours, and watched the number of applicants dwindling. At last, when I was almost tired out, the agent saw me. I did a little dance which I had learnt at school, and I sang to him. I remember I sang "Dear Heart." The recollection of that ordeal makes me laugh now, for nearly everyone whose voice I heard tried at that time used to sing it. My voice had to be tried because, in addition to dancing, we four had to sing in the chorus.

The rehearsals were held in London, and I sat wonder-stricken at the novelty of my surroundings, and listened open-mouthed at the way in which the principal members of the company rehearsed their parts. To speak in public seemed to me at that time to be something overwhelming, and I thought that if they gave me a line to speak I should die of fright before I could get the words out of my mouth.

When we came to the question of the dresses we had to wear I received a terrible shock. The four of us were to be divided up to represent two boys and two girls. Being nearly, if not quite, as tall as I am now, and the tallest of the four, I was naturally the first picked to represent a boy. We were dressed as shepherds, and that was, I need hardly say, my introduction to tights. When I first put them on I was very conscious of—those tights; but I soon got over the feeling, and since then, what with principal boys in pantomimes and other male characters, I have appeared nearly as frequently in tights on the stage as I have in skirts.

It was, as some playgoers may remember, as a boy that I made my first appearance in London in "L'Amour Mouillé." At the time of my first appearance I naturally knew nothing whatever about wearing tights and the art of making-up. One of the elder girls dressed me, and showed me how to fix my tights so that they would realise their name. The day of the dress-rehearsal we all had to go on the stage for a dress parade. I had put very little make-up on my face, and the girl who had initiated me into the mysteries of the rouge-pot and the black line under the

eyes had made up very heavily. My surprise was great indeed when the manager picked me out, and said to the chorus: "That's the sort of make-up I want." Naturally, some of the girls did not like it, and one of them made the disparaging remark, "Little Greenie is a novice." I was terribly indignant with her. At the dress-rehearsal, too, I was most surprised by the footlights, though not so surprised as I was at the limelight when we came to the regular performance. I had been a few times to the theatre, and I knew that a pretty light came on to the stage when the

footlights were turned down; but I had not the slightest idea how the thing was managed, and, like most children, I had not thought anything about it. When I went on the stage, therefore, I was bound to get a series of shocks. One of the strongest happened in the dance. We had rehearsed in a room with ordinary daylight, and at the dress-rehearsal on the stage, with just enough artificial light to see by. At the performance, however, we were supposed to be dancing in the moonlight. The consequence was, the footlights were turned down and blue limelights were turned on to the stage. The sudden and unexpected change startled me. For the moment I was so bewildered that I forgot what I was doing and that I had to dance in unison with the other three. I floundered about and finished indifferently well. The boys were supposed to lead the girls off at the end of the dance, but my partner literally hauled me off the stage. Still, we got a big encore, so that I concluded I had not disgraced myself utterly, or, at all events, that in the excellence of the others my shortcomings were not so noticed.

For a long time I remained with the company, doing the dance with the other girls and singing in the chorus. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that singing was the delight of my life. I was always singing. One day I was singing in the dressing-room, and the manager passed down the passage and asked who it was. Someone said it was I, and I thought I was going to get into a row for making a noise. Instead of that, he sent for me, told me that he had heard me singing, that he liked my voice, and that, as the girl who was playing the second part, Annabel, was leaving, he would give it to me. There were only three days in which to rehearse. The last thing I wanted to do then, the last thing I thought I could do, was to play a part; but as the manager said he knew I could do it, and I was afraid that if I did not I should be dismissed, I said I would try. Of course I knew the part through having heard it spoken so often, and I knew the music of the one solo, as well as of all the concerted pieces, so that it was not the studying of the part which troubled me during the three days. When the evening came I remember going on the stage with my knees knocking together and the corners of my mouth twitching from nervousness. That was the first speaking-part I had, and I luckily got through the music without putting anyone out. That part led to other engagements, so that, by the time I was seventeen, I may say without egotism I had a name in the provinces, and was engaged as principal girl at Bristol before I was eighteen.—EVIE GREENE.



ELEVEN YEARS AGO: MISS EVIE GREENE AS PRINCE CARLO  
IN "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ."

Prince Carlo was one of Miss Greene's earlier triumphs.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

# *Caddies !*



## IV.—THE DRONE.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## A DREAMER'S TALES.\*

IN an age when men's bodies are conveyed at amazing speed beneath water and earth, upon sea and land, and in air far above either; in an age when men's thought would seem by comparison sluggish, less rapturous and profound, lacking a supreme poet; in an age which is, in short, *our* age, how good and satisfying it is to meet with Lord Dunsany between the covers of his book and to follow his telling of "A Dreamer's Tales." Here is no gallant Kipling struggle to abduct Romance by the 9.15. She comes riding down Lord Dunsany's beautiful prose, out of hilly woodlands, cloaked even to the face; and Mr. Sime pictures her so, with a reverent humour and an elaborate grace which make the meeting between author and illustrator one of the most felicitous in the world.

"My mind to me a kingdom is," Dekker sang very proudly, but Lord Dunsany's is the universe, high as the stars, deep as a miner's candle, terrible and lovely with beasts and gods and fairies, with jungle and mountain, with fair cities and "the old wrinkled sea." Not only are these his, he is they, so completely does he absorb their joy or doom. Look with him from the deck of *Bird of the River* as they sail between the tropical banks of Yann, at those little creatures with many legs that "had spread their gauze wings easily on the air, as a man rests his elbows on a balcony." They have become so truly his that in this charming figure he makes them also yours. And presently—"to whom a rainy day had been as an era of war that should desolate continents during all the lifetime of a man." There he has passed from seeing to being. And that is perhaps the secret of the appeal which his art contains on every page. We look at Blagdaross, the broken-down rocking-horse of the dust-heap, and we *are* Blagdaross. We, too, "galloped through Africa," carried St. George, were Bucephalus or Rosinante at the will and the whim of the child who was a soul to us. And it was our grief when his body grew big and his soul small, till, seeing gold, he never came again; and our despair to lie cast away among leaky kettles on a waste place strewn with bricks, and our exultation as of battle when an urchin armed with a broom-handle mounted us once again as Cœur de Lion to kill Saladin with all his paynims.

Particularly in the haunting "Carcassonne" is the adventure our very own. The brave adventure, each of us, we know it: to defy Fate and to win to Carcassonne. Carcassonne, own sister to Kubla Khan, and wonderfully similar, though with a soul and an air whereby to recognise her—a city of gleaming ramparts which the fairies built on an evening late in May by blowing their elfin horns. If one were sufficiently resolute to close the book at Arleon's song, and, murmuring "Carcassonne," drop asleep, who knows what might come of it? Surely nowhere, not even—

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea—

has Coleridge done anything more remote and more enchanted than that marble bath through which a river tumbled, troubling its deeps. And sometimes in autumn, the witch who swims there, fearfully beautiful, will find it "black with snow from unimagined mountains, or withered blossoms of mountain-shrubs go beautifully by. When there is blood in the bath, she knows there is war in the mountain," and she sheds tears for loneliness "from eyes that would madden armies, yet will not call her dragons home."

Long ago, on a wet evening in Paris, the writer came upon a pedestal with a fresh wreath hung at the foot of its statue, and the words "Strasbourg! Souviens-toi!" written beside. The great heart of history beat above the jingling and splashing of the cabs in that poignant message from France to her lost city. And Andelsprutz, like Strasbourg, sighed for the land of Akla, from whom she had been stolen. And when the thirtieth wreath came from her mother—one came yearly, but no succour—Andelsprutz went suddenly mad. Decking her hair with the phantasms of cathedrals, she strode away to the mountains. A man saw her there, at first incoherent and mad, then comforted by other great shapes moving in the rain, for it was raining. They were the souls of a great concourse of cities, and presently, "leaning upon Ilion and Carthage, he saw her go mournfully eastwards. And the dust of her highways swirled behind her as she went, a ghostly dust that never turned to mud in all that drenching rain." Mr. Sime's drawing lies between the pages of this story like a curious ornament on a fair breast.

With no weird to-dree, the Ancient Mariner might have told of those "Idle Days on the Yann"—always excepting their humour, for that is a quality most peculiarly Lord Dunsany's. Of a serpent's wisdom with the harmlessness of the dove, it laughs in the lyrical setting with the joy of an archaic

drawing. One has only to remember the Captain's scimitar that splintered the deck in the heat of the bargain, or the voter imprisoned by the poet on the downs who cried for his polling-booth like a child.

All this is of the most scrappy; scarcely a label to a rare vintage. But Lord Dunsany tells somewhere of how he felt at sight of the Yann passing through its gates of pink-marble cliff, mountain-high, to "the azure indescribable sea." It was to me, he says, "as some chord of music that a master's hand had launched from the violin, and which carries to Heaven or Faëry the tremulous spirits of men." And the men whom he also has translated cannot praise him better. Very narrowly will he escape the cry—

Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honeydew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.



"WE WOULD GALLOP THROUGH AFRICA": A SIME ILLUSTRATION  
TO LORD DUNSANY'S "A DREAMER'S TALES."

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. S. H. Sime, and of Messrs. George Allen and Sons,  
publishers of the book.

THE TIED — IN THE AFFAIRS OF MAN.



REUBEN: Vot means "superfluous," vader?

VADER: Vearin' a tie ven you 'ave a beard, mein sohn.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## A JUDGE OF CIGARS.

By CLARENCE ROOK.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS caught the six forty-three train with a jump from the platform of the Underground Railway. He cursed the conductor of the train, who had not provided him with a seat; he said many things about business methods (a hobby of his) to his fellow strap-hangers; he alighted with some difficulty at his proper station, he boxed the ears of a newspaper boy, he smashed with a vicious kick the art door-scraper, banged the front door, and stood in the hall shouting that dinner was late.

"Maria!" called Mr. Jenkins.

"Down in a minute, dear," replied a voice far away.

"A minute! Time's money," said Mr. Edward Jenkins, as he looked for the evening post upon the hall table. There were three letters with halfpenny stamps on that did not require opening; and one packet, in brown-paper parcel, that smelt of cedar-wood and obviously contained cigars. For a moment Mr. Edward Jenkins relaxed his critical attitude, since he was a man of business, and loved cigars, and was always on the scent for the bargain.

"Ha, ha!" he sniffed; "Pepitas!" And, reflecting that he had a hundred of them at so much discount, and would have many pleasant smokes at a price a bit under the ordinary quotation, Edward Jenkins was arrested by the sight of a card, which bore the name of Robert Smith. He picked it up, glanced at it, and threw it on the floor.

"Smith been here?" he shouted up the stairs. And the pleasant voice came down—

"He left a card. He said he was sorry to have missed you."

Mr. Edward Jenkins flung off his overcoat, and went upstairs to prepare for dinner.

It should be explained that Mr. Edward Jenkins, being a business man, had acquired certain house property in the reputable suburb in which he lives. There had arisen a question about the real responsibility for the repair of a drain-pipe. It was a drain-pipe that was on the verge of the local authorities' jurisdiction, a drain-pipe the local authorities refused to deal with, a drain-pipe that ran through a garden-wall in the reputable suburb, and became a nuisance. Mr. Edward Jenkins was most friendly with Mr. Robert Smith until that drain question came; but when it comes to a matter of drains and paying for them, the links of friendship snap. So it was that for some evenings Edward Jenkins and Robert Smith, who had usually linked arms on returning from the local club and the game of bridge, walked firmly and obtrusively on opposite sides of the street. They could not agree about the drain-pipe. Nor could they agree to disagree, as they agreed upon many other subjects. Edward Jenkins would give and take upon the Relation of the Sexes and Tariff Reform and the Censorship of the Drama and the Municipalisation of Tramways. But the friends parted on the question of that drain-pipe. Smith argued that "if that house is yours, you must look after the drains," and Jenkins—after a heated argument on the pavement outside—announced that a man who couldn't look after his own drain-pipe was a fool. Anyhow, if there was justice in England, he would appeal to it. And Edward Jenkins turned away, quite determined to get the price of that drain-pipe.

Edward Jenkins washed his hands vigorously, changed his coat violently, brushed his hair furiously, and came down to dinner, sat down, and just as he was going to bang a fist upon the table Mrs. Edward Jenkins came, looking rather nice and quiet and restful.

"Haven't kept you waiting?" she asked pleasantly.

"Oh, no!" replied Edward Jenkins, and a man can say "Oh, no!" in a tone that means "Yes" and several other things that a wife can hear by a sort of wireless telegraphy.

Edward Jenkins was rather critical of his dinner, and when the soup came he consumed it hurriedly, and was really disappointed at having nothing to say against it. Mrs. Edward Jenkins sat sweetly, and looking rather nice, and watching her husband, who began to thaw under the influence of his dinner.

"A little bit smoky," said Edward, as he picked at a potato. "Funny thing that you can't get a potato properly cooked in your own home."

Maria his wife said nothing, but waited for the moment. She knew quite well what had upset the content of Edward.

"What did Smith want?" asked Edward, when he had made several remarks about the coffee and the Universe.

Mrs. Edward Jenkins thought for a moment.

"The case is coming on soon?" she queried.

"Next Tuesday," replied Edward. "Now, look here. I'll show you, Maria, how those drains run."

Edward Jenkins, having lighted a cigarette with a match, used the burnt point to make a Map of the Drainage on the tablecloth; and—to the glory of Maria—it must be said that his wife sat silent and uncomplaining, even amused, though there scurried through her wifely mind the threepence for the washing of the cloth.

"Now look at that," said Edward.

Maria came and looked over his shoulder.

"Looks all right," said Mrs. Edward sweetly.

"Looks! It is!" cried Edward Jenkins. "Why it's as plain as a pikestaff that if there's a drain there it's Smith's, and not mine. Smith has got to pay; Smith can't tell drains from violets, but it's his drain. Can't you see, Maria?"

"Yes, you're in the right," said Maria, patting him on the shoulder.

"Of course I'm in the right," replied Edward.

"Then why not—leave it at that?" asked Maria. "You are right, and Mr. Smith is wrong, and there's an end of it."

Edward became humorous for a minute or two, and pointed out that the real decision was not a matter of justice or right, but of the chance view of the nearest County Court Judge; and Maria understood that.

"Then it all depends on the County Court Judge," remarked Mrs. Edward thoughtfully.

"And he's a silly fool," replied her husband. "He doesn't know more about drains—or law—than you do, and he's bound to give a wrong decision—even though I'm in the right," added Edward as an afterthought.

"What is his name?" asked Mrs. Edward. And Edward, smelling the coffee critically, gave the name of the County Court judge, with one or two epithets.

Mrs. Edward leaned her elbows on the table and made a suggestion.

"Can't you—" she hesitated a moment for the word—"can't you square him? That's the right thing to say, isn't it?"

"Square him!" exclaimed Edward Jenkins. "What? The Judge?" Edward Jenkins set down his coffee-cup and stared at his wife Maria, who was looking very calmly and pleasantly at him. "Square a Judge?" repeated Edward.

"Why not?" asked Maria. "You know you are right. Now—don't get up and swear, Edward."

For the whole nature of Edward had risen in revolt against the awful suggestion that a County Court Judge could be bribed.

"Do you mean that I should send him a cheque and ask him to decide in my favour?" asked Edward very coldly.

"Not exactly that," said Maria thoughtfully.

"A postal order, I suppose," continued Edward contemptuously. "You would suggest I should send a postal order for a sovereign to his Honour the Judge, and ask him to consider my case favourably. Well, of all the silly propositions—all the——"

"Stop, Edward!" said Maria sweetly, foreseeing the next word. "I didn't mean that exactly, but couldn't you ask him to dinner and explain the question?"

"Take him to smell the drain," interposed Edward bitterly.

"No," continued Maria. "Couldn't it be done more gently? You're in the right, aren't you?"

"Course I am," replied Edward.

"Well, if I knew I was in the right"—Mrs. Edward Jenkins, with both elbows on the table, looked across at her husband—"if I knew I was in the right, I shouldn't hesitate to bribe a silly Judge. You might ask him to dinner and show him this little picture of the drain on the table-cloth, and that should convince him that Mr. Smith is wrong. I could get him a very nice little dinner, and then talk him over. . . ."

[Continued overleaf.]

## THE LAST STRAW.



THE DOCTOR: You don't feel any better? Well, how's that? Have you done what I said and taken plenty of animal food?

JOHN: Yes, doctor; but I'll 'ave ter drop it. I managed middlin' well with the oats and maize, and done a bit at split beans; but the chopped 'ay—that was too much—animal food don't suit me.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



"Maria," said Edward, "you haven't the least idea of business. Do you suppose that English Judges are to be bought over with a dinner or a postal order?"

Edward Jenkins pulled a chair up to the fire.

"Have a cigar," said Mrs. Edward sweetly. And she handed him the box. Edward took one, and remarking that there were only three left, cut off the end and lighted it, adding with the second puff that a man was providentially allowed to smoke in his own house.

Maria assumed an easy position opposite her husband.

"You don't really mind smoke?" asked Edward kindly, for the seven hundred and eighty-first time.

"Not a bit," replied Maria.

"Then why are you coughing?" asked Edward.

"I wasn't coughing—I was thinking," said Maria.

"Penny for your thoughts," retorted Edward lazily.

"Is that a bet?" asked Maria, and Edward—facetious out of business hours—said it would run to a penny stamp.

"Then I was thinking that, as you are in the right, Edward, as you invariably are, you would be quite justified in sending a note to the—what is he?—the Lord Chancellor—"

"County Court Judge," explained Edward from the corner of his mouth unoccupied by the cigar.

"The Judge," continued Maria, "and enclosing a little something—not money, Edward, but some little present, such as a set of studs—"

"Puff!" said Edward.

"Or even a box of cigars," concluded Maria through her handkerchief, for the brain of the housewife had been dwelling on drains.

"Of course, I don't understand these things . . ."

"No, you don't," replied Edward Jenkins, who always wanted to explain business. He restrained his temper, for his cigar required half his attention. But he doctored his cigar, and then carefully explained to his wife in great detail the absolute incorruptibility of English Judges. She did not comprehend, he showed, with many waves of the cigar, the elements of English justice. He pointed out, with references to mediæval history more or less correct, that the English law courts were the Palladium of Justice, though occasionally a fool was on the Bench. But any attempt to tamper with that fool would inevitably lead to loss. Maria listened attentively.

"I think I'd like to get round that fool," murmured Maria.

Edward ignored the remark, and went on to explain the folly of English Judges, from the High Courts of Justice to the nearest County Court, and ended up with the statement that they are not open to reason.

"But they eat and drink and smoke," objected Maria. "Now, a brace of pheasants or a haunch of venison, with just the name of the case and your name, with a graceful little reminder of . . ."

"Maria, you're a fool," said Mr. Edward Jenkins—"as big a fool as any man on the Bench. You've only got to make the least attempt to give a hint to a Judge and your case is done for."

Maria sighed. "I see," she said. "We have to rely on the incorruptible Judge."

Edward Jenkins smoked his cigar out, and when at last Maria rose and alleged certain household duties to be performed before bedtime, she could not resist the impulse to throw open the window.

"Eh?" exclaimed Edward.

"Oh, I was thinking I smelt drains," replied Maria.

For a day or two Edward Jenkins was on tenterhooks; his avoidance of Robert Smith was the talk of the club, and the reputable suburb discussed the chances of the coming action-at-law. Probably Maria—if she had kept a diary—would have marked down those days as difficult; for Edward each evening was in a very bad temper, and would not discuss even drainage with Maria. He only smoked—on Monday evening—the last cigar in the old box, scattered the ashes over the tablecloth in order to revive his memory of the local drainage system, and went to bed with the firm conviction that Maria knew nothing of business. And all the time Maria was very quiet and considerate.

On Tuesday Edward Jenkins took a day's holiday, in order to watch his case in the County Court, and, having sat for some hours on a hard seat, he was surprised at the swiftness of the judicial decision when his case was called. He had never imagined that a Judge could see through the intricacies of the drainage system so clearly and quickly. Indeed, his respect for our Judicature was immensely increased; also, his confidence in his own rectitude. And on his way home he made a little détour to sniff at Robert Smith's drains.

It was a happy man who sat down to dinner that evening over against his wife. A triumphant man. And Maria listened attentively to the talk of Edward, who gave a vivid account of his battle with the law.

"Smith hadn't a leg to stand on," said Edward as he praised his food, and complimented Maria upon her appearance. "You *do* keep your young looks," said Edward graciously.

He enjoyed his dinner, more especially as Maria quite agreed with him in his rectitude as to drains and—Robert Smith.

"Now, a cigar," said Edward. "One from that new box. I feel like just sitting back and having a good smoke."

Edward went in search of the cigars, while Maria sat thoughtfully, with a curious smile on her face.

"Where are those cigars?" demanded Edward, returning to the dining-room. "Just on the very evening when I want a decent cigar. . . ." And he caught sight of his wife's smile.

"Edward—you don't mind—I stole them."

She was leaning her elbows on the table and looking sweetly at Edward.

"Yes—I packed them up and sent them to the Judge."

"You sent them—" began Edward, dropping into his chair and staring at Maria.

"Yes," continued Maria. "I thought you wouldn't mind—from what you said—because I put Mr. Smith's card inside when I packed them up. And probably the Judge noticed the name."

Edward stared. Maria plunged at the sideboard, and brought out another box of cigars.

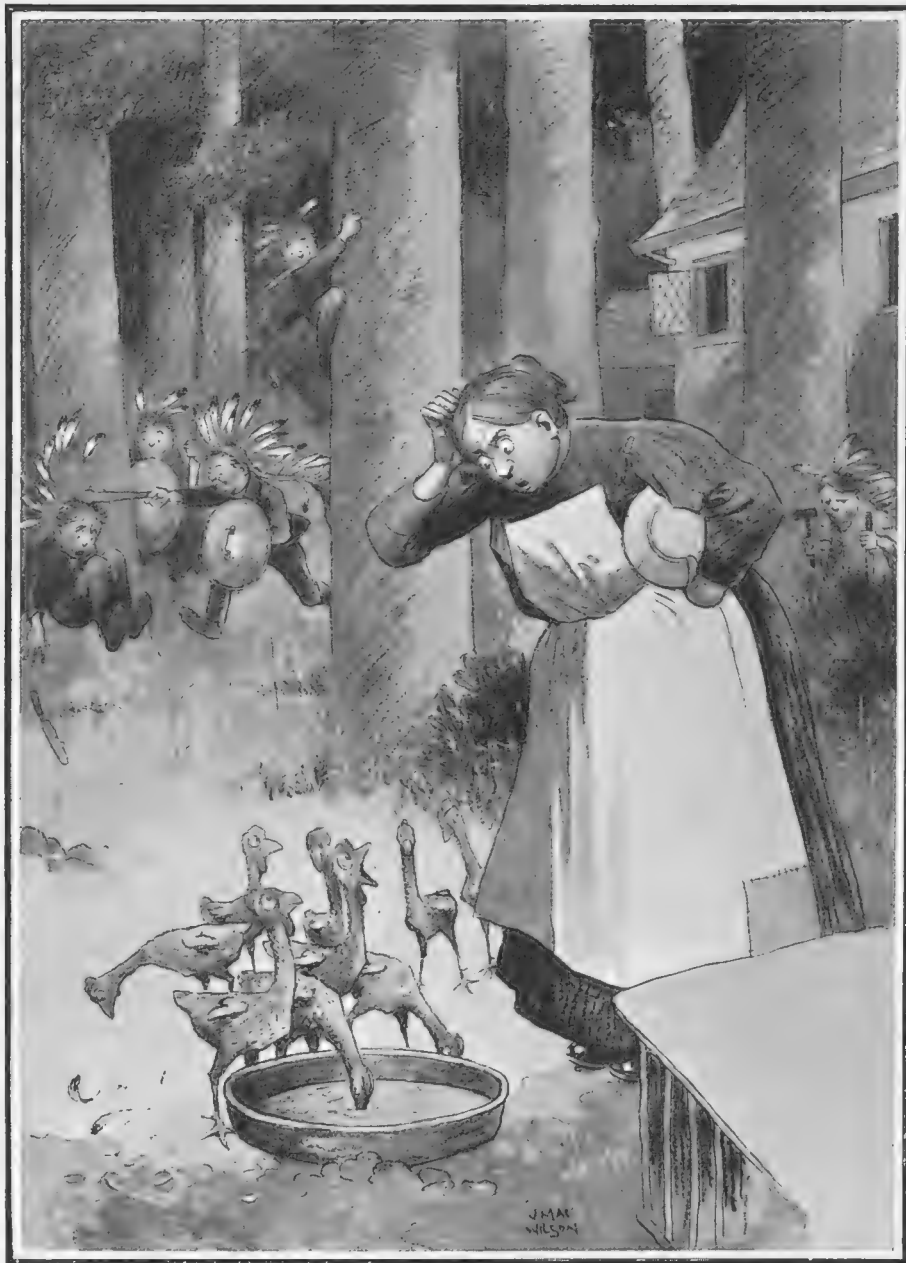
"I knew you'd win," she said, "and so I got these for you. Have one."

By eleven o'clock Edward Jenkins had finished his second cigar. Maria had kissed him and gone upstairs, having said (after much discussion)—"Well, if I don't know anything about business, I know something about cigars."

As she was closing the door, she opened it again, and peeping round, added:

"And drains."

THE END.



THE FARMER'S WIFE (whose young hopefuls have been seeing "Life in the Wild, Wild West," at a cinematograph theatre): "Eavens! This is what comes o' letting them boys go to theaters."

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

# WORLD'S WHISPERS

TO have thirteen silver teapots and five copies of the Life of Cardinal Vaughan among your wedding-presents is—well, an embarrassment of riches. When such a fate befalls a bridegroom like Lord Lovat, who has already more teapots than he can recognise, and to whom the record of his cousin the Cardinal is already staled, the case is all the more exasperating. For the very rich, the age of trifling offerings is over and gone, and henceforth a family or a little group of friends must club together to give a flat or a pianola or a box at the opera.

## Far-Gathered Tribute.

As at all other weddings, the tables spread with Mr. Wilfrid Sheridan's and his bride's presents were only too often tables of multiplication. On the other hand, many of the offerings were unique. Nobody but the Crown Prince of Sweden had thought of a viking loving-cup or an etching

by Zorn; and the Italian chair from Princess Hatzfeldt, like the

Duchess of Sutherland's Jacobean dresser, was not, and will not be, matched. With the whole world for store and the workshops of antiquity, of to-day, and of nature to choose from, all that is needed is a little collusion among donors. To



MRS. JOSEPH COOPER (FORMERLY MISS RUTH HERBERT), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON SATURDAY LAST. Mrs. Cooper is the only daughter of Mr. Sidney Herbert, of The Heugh, Stonehaven, Scotland, and The Neuk, Eastbourne.

Photograph by the K&L-Lacey Studios.

hand at law-making in India; and then inherited from a comparative stranger the Vavasour property in Thetford, together with Kilverston Hall, which, if not the home of his fathers, is at least that of his father. Mr. Fisher runs the estate

and astonishing paintings of the Post Impressionists (from Paris) will be hung on the walls, and it may well happen that Phyllis will catch her flounces on the hillocks of gaudy paint peculiar to the new school. Lady Edmund and most of her dancers will be careful to remember that their day of meeting is a Friday, and that viands must not be touched by Catholic lips till after the stroke of twelve. A splendid worker for the poor, Lady Edmund's main field of rescue is among the girls of London and Sheffield, whose lives, in her own words, "are, when not spent in cheap work, with the workhouse or something worse to look forward to, a mixture of vice and intolerable monotony."

*Jackie's Advice.* Lord Fisher is delighted by the engagement of his son with Miss Jane Morgan, who, by the laws of paradox governing all life, being bred in the Peace City of Philadelphia, marries into a fighting family.

Not that the bridegroom is a man of war. He has had a



MRS. ARTHUR TATE (FORMERLY MISS ELAINE FEW), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Tate is a daughter of Mrs. F. W. Few. Her husband, who is in the Cameronians, is a grandson of the late Sir Henry Tate.

Photograph by Somerville.

in the best interests of agriculture, as conceived by his predecessor, and his future wife will help him to realise his dreams. Lord Fisher, in his paternal pride, does not even grudge the multitude of letters passing between the bridegroom and the bride; though he has sometimes in a cynical moment said that a safe motto for a man is: "Do right, and fear no man: don't write, and fear no woman."

*Parasol of Parasol.* The strangest title in all the United States is that of a charming young lady in New York. And this is how she had it. She was over here in the summer, and visited Dunrobin. Some aquatic sports were in progress, and in the midst of them the presiding Duchess dropped her pet parasol into the water. Thereupon an American guest dived on the instant into the water, and brought the silk and the silver parrot-head to the surface. The Queen of the Revels felt that she must confer a title, and the handy presence of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh perhaps gave the suggestion. "Parasol of Parasol," she murmured, and the echo is still heard in New York.



DWELLERS IN THE HOUSE IN WHICH SIR WALTER SCOTT WROTE HIS FIRST NOVEL: THE MISSES ANDERSON.

The Misses Anderson are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Darnley Anderson, of Waverley Abbey, Surrey, the house in which Scott wrote his first novel.

Photograph by Lailie Charles.



WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND'S YOUNGER SON: LADY GEORGE DUNDAS. Lady George Dundas is a daughter of the late Colonel Henley. Her wedding to Lord Zetland's younger son took place four years ago.

Photograph by Lailie Charles

the Sheridan pile came seals from ancient Greece and sealskins from distant shores; rugs from Persia, and Indian trays to put on them; and from the under-world came, like the rubies and diamonds, the metals for the splendid car given by Mrs. Hall Walker, and for the tea-pots.

## Books and the Bride.

In the case of the Vesey - Herbert wedding last Thursday the car came from Lord and Lady Carnarvon, and when the newly married couple left for the honeymoon it was *en auto* for Highclere Castle, lent by the same kind friends. Mr. Aubrey Herbert himself set an example in the unexpected; besides the usual ornaments, the bride received from him a thoroughbred wolfhound. In one sense, it was typical of the presents of the day. Thirty years ago "The Angel in the House" was packed in the portmanteau of every bride; now Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" goes the wedding-tour instead.

## Dancing for the Poor.

Lady Edmund Talbot's charity ball, postponed in May owing to national mourning, will take place at the Grafton Galleries on Nov. 25. At that time the awful





By HENRY LEACH.

**Black King's Golf.** I am confronted with the statement in my daily paper that Bishop Tucker of Uganda has arrived in London from his diocese, and, being interviewed in the usual manner, observed that Uganda was progressing well—had, in fact, made the most wonderful advance during the last twenty years. Then the Bishop gave a short list of examples of the progress that had been made, and he began by saying: "Young King David, who is a Christian, is a devotee of golf, and plays very well, though only fifteen years old." That is good for Uganda, and we shall follow the black King's progress in the game with as much interest and attention as our own individual pullings and slicings and an occasional inspection of Mr. John Ball and James Braid winning championships will permit. Of course,

he is not the only King who plays, and plays well. If there were no other, there is King George, enough for all, and there is his Majesty of Spain, not forgetting President Taft. However, David of Uganda is the first black King that I have any record of as playing the game, and all are welcome to this great brotherhood. There is not what the Royal and Ancient calls "a recognised golf club" in Uganda yet, despite the very good game that is played by the King; but one may take it that there is a course of sorts at Mengo, where is his capital. It is to be feared, however, that certain of these links in the remoter parts of Africa will, by reason of local and other circumstances, never become really popular. Thus they have a nine-hole course at Umtala of which they are rather proud, and it used to be the case that in the golfing directories they said, officially, concerning it, "In addition to other hazards, lions are occasionally in evidence." Now Kings may come into this game, but not kings of beasts, for it is quite exasperating enough without their intervention; and no doubt the Umtala golfers found that, after their announcement, their revenue from green-fees decreased, for they have had it deleted from the most recent editions of the directories.

**The Red Indian's Game.** The case of the initiation and progress of the new recruit, King David of Uganda, brings us again to a wondrous reflection upon the universality of this golf. Nothing like it has ever been known. Just everybody plays it now, everybody. It is no longer a game for white men only. Some of the little Japs are very good indeed, and I have been told by those who have seen that their short approaches are a little uncanny in their

accuracy. I believe that a championship of Ceylon has been won by a native Cingalese. I was told a little while since by a man who had golfed for some time out there that the natives play in bare feet, and seem to golf all the better for doing so; and that they make the most beautiful clubs for themselves, inlaying the wood with ivory and other things, and making the most ingenious and tasteful patterns. Then a few years since a golfer found himself out at the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana (these fellows do seem to go everywhere with their clubs, do they not?) and of course he found the Red Indians playing golf when he got there. To get goods or service from such people now the game is clearly to give them rubber-cored balls instead of fire-water. The queer thing about

the golf in their case—as different from all others, indicating how this game of ours, as we call it, is really a part of Nature or the Universe—is that it came quite natural to these Red Indians. They saw no one else playing it, and yet they began to play it, and in essentials their game is apparently much the same as ours. So golf appears to be a natural instinct. You grow up and you play it in just the same way that you grow up and fall in love. You do not need to have seen anyone else fall in love, or even have heard of them doing so. It just happens anyhow, and so does golf.

#### The Primitive Idea.

The Red Indian uses a club which would pass the Royal and Ancient's new test, and he tees up his ball on a great big tee. He appears to like plenty of

sand. Instead, however, of having eighteen holes or nine, he just hits the ball along to a place a couple of miles from his wigwam, and hits it back again; and if he does it in fewer strokes than the other Red Indian, he wins. The man who went to the Blackfeet place said that Spotted Horse is a most tremendous driver, and that he believed some of his shots were over three hundred yards in length. I fancy this must be an exaggeration, though. What strikes me as being most peculiar, however, is that these fellows should come naturally by almost the same ideas as do we experienced golfers and most highly civilised people at home. I told you a little while since that I myself had seen a Town Clerk play a ball for two or three miles across country, and then up the side of a mountain to the top thereof; and that Town Clerk is an extremely civilised man. Yet this brilliant idea of his was only the same in principle as that with which Spotted Horse came out some years before. With all its complication of rules, golf is the most primitive and natural of games in principle—that is what it is. It is a Nature game.



THE LADY WHO HAS RESIGNED THE HONORARY SECRETARYSHIP OF THE LADIES' COUNTY GOLF ASSOCIATION OWING TO A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION: MISS M. E. PHILLIPS.

Miss M. E. Phillips, who has played a magnificent part in the development of the Ladies' County Golf Championship, has resigned the honorary secretaryship of the Ladies' County Golf Association, chiefly by reason of a difference of opinion as to whether travelling and hotel expenses should or should not be paid for players taking part in the Ladies' County Championship. Miss Phillips defended the practice, which, it is said, certain counties have favoured.

Photograph by Sport and General.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Light, More Light!

So soon as car-owners realise that they can obtain an electric-lighting outfit which is, first, absolutely reliable, and, secondly, will not prove much more expensive in installation than an acetylene and oil outfit, electric lighting for motor-cars will go ahead by leaps and bounds. A step, a good big step indeed, towards the desirable goal is to be found in the 6 volts C. I. L. Mira Magnetolite, the price of which, with switch-board, including cut-out, ammeter, and switches for side and tail lamps, is £9 10s. The dynamo, which in great part resembles and is no larger than one of the old low-tension magnetos used for make-and-break ignition, can be driven off the forward end of the gear-shaft when it projects from the box, or off the propeller-shaft, and is said to take less than  $\frac{1}{2}$ -h.p. to drive it when fully charging. When cut out, the power consumed is practically nil. In connection with this installation a 6 volts 50 ampere hour accumulator of special make—similar, indeed, to those used on British submarines—is employed. This accumulator is capable of withstanding a high rate of charge or discharge for a limited period. The plates cannot buckle, neither can the accumulator short-circuit. The installation is being put upon the market by Messrs. Jarrott, Letts and Co., 45, Great Marlborough Street, W.

What is "Pneumatic?" is a queer-looking and queer-sounding word, as all will admit, but calculated by its sound and appearance to provoke inquiry—as is, indeed, intended. If any of my readers are really curious as to the uttermost inwardness of this substance, then their cravings may be gratified by writing to Messrs. Pneumatic (1910), Ltd., of 86, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., for a copy of a really interesting pamphlet entitled "What Pneumatic Is!" But, in the meantime, it may be known that "Pneumatic," so far from having any connection with the "flue," or rheumatism, as might at first appear, is a cellular substance, three-fifths the bulk of which is compressed air. A tyre-cover being fixed to the wheel-rim by a continuous band, in lieu of security-bolts, "Pneumatic" is filled directly into the cover itself (dispensing with the inner tube) to a predetermined pressure, according to the load to be carried. The material adapts itself to any stretching of the fabric; the tyre is then impervious to punctures, and an even pressure is maintained. A "Pneumatic"-filled cover keeps cool owing to the absence of friction, and the cover can be worn down to the last layer of canvas. Those who are using "Pneumatic" speak very well of it.

## All the Advantages of Steam.

However severe the criticism levelled at the Silent Knight Daimler engine by the followers of other cults, the undeniable fact remains that, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the real practical test of a motor-car is its use and behaviour in the hands of private owners. In this regard the Silent Knight does not appear lacking, for I have before me a little bouquet of nine testimonials, culled

from a huge parterre, in which the real satisfaction of those who have paid hard cash for these Daimler cars is witnessed most satisfactorily. One who has run his 38-h.p. for four months says: "It is difficult to find words in which to praise sufficiently the performance of the engine, its smoothness in running, etc."; while another writes: "She has run 4000 miles since the end of May, and my chauffeur tells me he has no fault of any kind to find with her." A

well-known Irish Baronet and automobilist says: "I have no hesitation in saying that the Knight engine practically gives an explosive engine almost all the advantages of steam without its drawbacks."

**Humbers Visited.** On Tuesday of last week nearly one hundred technical journalists travelled to Coventry at the invitation of Messrs. Humber, Ltd., for the purpose of inspecting the great Humber motor-car, motor-cycle, cycle, and aeroplane works, as reorganised under the new régime generally, and the talented direction of Mr. H. G. Burford, the general manager, in particular. Those best able to judge had no hesitation in characterising the reorganised works as models of their kind, for on all hands it was evident that able minds had concentrated solidly upon design, production, and economy with most satisfactory results. The evidences adduced as to material and workmanship, and the extreme care exercised in obtaining perfect accuracy, were sufficient to permit each and any of the experts present to feel that in advising Humber cars, motor-cycles, or cycles, they were recommending machines to the perfection of which the utmost care and skill are contributed. Only the best materials are used, and these are manipulated throughout in the best possible manner. The great world-wide reputation of the Humber bicycles will be revived again in the Humber cars.



A PETROL-DRIVEN RAILWAY CARRIAGE BUILT FOR THE RAO OF CUTCH: A REMARKABLE SHOOTING-CAR.

The car is used for taking the guns to the shoot, and at times its owners may even shoot from it. It is really a railway locomotive and coach combined. The engine consists of a four-cylinder petrol motor, designed to develop about 27 b.h.p. at a speed of 900 r.p.m. Three speeds in either direction are provided for, the gearing to the driving-axle being such as to give speeds of 10, 20, and 30 m.p.h. respectively to the car. The total length over frames is 26 ft., and over the central couplers, 28 ft. 10 in. The body of the car is divided into three compartments, with two end platforms for the driver when travelling in either direction. The central section comprises the engine-room directly over the driving-wheels, and an upper compartment for the carriage of game, guns, and stores. On either side of this are two passenger compartments, splendidly equipped and upholstered with horsehair covered with buffalo leather. It will be noticed that the car is fitted with cow-catchers and central couplers of standard Indian railway practice.—[Photographs supplied by F. C. Coleman.]

## The Dunlop Detachable Rim Carrier.

Only those who have undergone the back-breaking and knuckle-skinning experience of mounting a new stiff and obstinate pneumatic cover on a naked detachable rim can realise the devilish stress of the job. Therefore these unfortunates and others will assuredly call the name of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company blessed, inasmuch as they have lately introduced a new detachable rim-carrier, chiefly, of course, for their own excellent rim, but also suitable for use with many other makes. The difficulties encountered with a naked rim are obviated by the use of this carrier, which holds the rim quite securely upon three arms while the tyre is being filled. The carrier is fashioned on the lines of a lathe self-centring chuck, the three rim-holding arms being extended simultaneously by rotating a handle in the centre of the apparatus. The carrier stands on a wide base, which can be firmly bolted to the garage floor. Special fittings are provided to enable the carrier to take a Stepney Wheel. The outer ring carrying the arms can be freely rotated when desired. This is surely a convenience which will find a place in all large private and public garages.

[Continued on a later page.]



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Races to Come.** After the decision of the Cambridgeshire, many old sports will retire into winter quarters. There should be a big crowd on Newmarket Heath to witness the last handicap of the year decided. Since the race has been run over the new course the winner has not always been easy to find, yet the favourite on the day generally goes very close, and it is always wise when in doubt to follow the money. The Jockey Club Cup will not be a very exciting affair, but the Dewhurst Plate should be a good round-off to the Houghton Meeting, as it may be the means of discovering a winter favourite for the Derby of 1911. The Liverpool Autumn Cup, to be run on Nov. 11, is certain to yield well, and, as usual, the winner will take a lot of finding. The Derby Cup is set for Nov. 18. This is a race that produces plenty of speculation, and the talent often find the winner, especially since the distance

excuse by jockeys who do not get off well, while I am convinced that half the crossing and bumping that takes place in a race is caused by unfair riders who are trying to stop the favourite from winning. The crowding that so often takes place on the rails amounts to a scandal, and it is preposterous that, in the case of a wide track like that at Newmarket, small fields cannot get home without being bunched together on a very small portion of the course. In the case of one jockey, it was noticed that in one week he was either badly left or interfered with in several races, in none of which had his backers any chance of winning their money. The worst of it is, all this sort of thing is apt to upset book form entirely, and unless the handicappers are perfectly acquainted with the happenings of each race, they may, and sometimes as a matter of fact do, make bad mistakes. I have long held that the stewards should officially acquaint the handi-



MRS. PRYSE-RICE, MASTER OF HER OWN PACK OF 20-INCH HARRIERS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

has been increased to one mile six furlongs. The Manchester November Handicap will be run on the last day of the season—namely, Nov. 26. We are very likely to see many of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire disappointments in the field, along with one or two kept good things. The result of this race depends a great deal on the state of the going. Some of the old cripples can

cappers with the names of those horses that do not get well away. Of course, no official likes

## FAMOUS IN THE WORLD OF SPORT: SOME LADY MASTERS.

Lady Gifford's pack hunts in Sussex. Mrs. Pryse-Rice's pack is well known in Wales. Mrs. Cheape hunts the Bentley Beagles near Redditch. Miss Guest, daughter of the late Mr. Merthyr Guest, the well-known Dorset sportsman, runs the Inwood pack of beagles.

to acknowledge failure; but it is far better that a starter should admit his fault, if any, than that a poor backer in his innocence should be penalised.

Many reforms might be instituted that would in time make racing more popular. The one I have suggested is the most pressing at the present moment.



MRS. CHEAPE, MASTER OF THE BENTLEY BEAGLES.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.

win readily enough in a swamp, while on hard ground they are perfectly helpless. The betting, as a rule, is very good at Manchester. I remember on one occasion seeing a winner backed for hundreds of pounds all over the ring, yet his starting-price was 100 to 6 in the end. Owners know this is the last chance they have of capturing the Hay and Corn Stakes, and they let themselves go. Tod Sloan rode Proclamation to victory once under a big penalty, and the horse was returned at 25 to 1; but he was well backed by all the little punters, which proved the market to be exceptionally strong that year.

**Hard Luck.** We often hear jockeys say they met with hard luck in a race. Either they got interfered with or their horses were practically left when the start took place. This sort of thing happens much too often for poor backers nowadays, and I think something should be done by those in authority to remedy the grievance. Many critics blame the starting-gate for the majority of the unsatisfactory starts, but I do not. I maintain that the gate is often used as an



LADY GIFFORD, MASTER OF HER OWN PRIVATE PACK OF HARRIERS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MISS GUEST, MASTER OF THE INWOOD BEAGLES.

**Winter Sport.** If we get no severe frost, the coming National Hunt season will be a busy one. It is noticeable that, under the winter rules, racing takes place nearly every day of the week, and between November and March there will be very few vacant Mondays, weather permitting. The Sandown Grand Military meeting is fixed for March 3 and 4. The Liverpool Grand National is to take place on March 24. Backers should play light at the opening of the jumping season, as many of the horses are only half fit up to Christmas, and the best performers are naturally saved until after the New Year, when the prizes to be competed for are most valuable. I am hoping that in the course of time speculators will take just as much interest in the winter game as they do in flat-racing, and the coming of the cheap rings augurs well for the winter pastime. It was the late Fred Swindell who said he did not like to see his money careering about in the air; but winners are much more easily found in jumping races than in flat races.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Music as Medicine.** There is no doubt that an inordinate and ill-regulated passion for music does not tend to strengthen the character, yet doses of the "divine art," taken homœopathically, are now said to be of considerable value in "mental" cases. Mr. Albert Visetti has recently been describing how these doses are administered in France in an asylum for the insane. At the first blush one would not have thought that one of Chopin's Nocturnes was "indicated," as the doctors say, for a mad girl of seventeen; yet such was the treatment, and under it the patient declared that "the melody reminded her of her childhood," an effect which the wild Pole's compositions do not usually produce. All sorts of instruments have been tried, and the French horn is even said to prove a specific in grave cases. Music acts physically, we all know, and that it has a powerful effect even on the nervous systems of animals has been proved by experiments in menageries. That it would be soothing and delightful in ordinary illnesses and cases of broken limbs is obvious, and I often wonder that some enterprising "concert-direction" has not made a specialty of providing small orchestras for sick-rooms, and miniature bands for private nursing-homes. I think, if I were sick and sad, I would like someone—in full Watteau costume—to come and play the flute to me. The strains of the violin are too poignant, the 'cello is too sombre and mournful for the sick-bed. In plays sometimes, and in operas always, people die to the accompaniment of suitable airs and deft orchestration, and I see no reason why music should not be employed to sweeten or dignify our "passing-on."

## Are Women Affected?

It has been roundly asserted of late that not only are women guilty of gross affectation and a pretension to "niceness" which they do not really possess, but that the smallest schoolgirl is infected with the virus of a foolish hypocrisy—for this, after all, is what affectation really means. That the mass of women are slightly hypocritical none can deny, but this vice is not of their choosing. They are forced by public opinion to live up to an impossible, an un-human ideal. All ages and sizes, all classes and all temperaments, have to "toe the line" marked out by the immaculate masculine sex. The "Old-Fashioned Person" who makes these accusations further declares that "smart society" is founded upon affectation—an amazing statement which points to the fact that she must study her contemporaries of the upper classes chiefly in the pages of certain popular feminine novelists. For the Smart Woman of to-day prides herself on her individualism; she is nothing if not a Nietzschean, and would consider any sort of hypocrisy or pandering to the prejudices of the vulgar herd

as hopelessly suburban and *vieux jeu*. Thus she is not—whatever her other faults—tainted with affectation. She wishes to be gloriously and freely Herself, and that this ambition occasionally ends ingloriously, tamely, and even sordidly, is not to be denied. Except in the smaller things, the catch-words, the literary and social prejudices which are peculiar to all coteries, no one can say that the feminine portion of smart society suffers from the mild vice of affectation.

## Gingerbread Without the Gilt.

So marked is the falling off of starters in the matrimonial stakes all over the civilised white world that Professor Brentano is moved to explain the causes of this disquieting social phenomenon in the *Economic Journal*. Many and various are the reasons, but the pecuniary ones are easily discovered. The nobility and landed gentry began it, with their entailed estates and impoverished younger sons and daughters. At one time there were available places, posts, and "jobs" for these younger sons, even if the daughters had to go single and live shabbily. But now an educated proletariat can pass examinations and rise to heights undreamed of in a less complex age. The daughter of a hundred earls must take to hospital nursing, making bonnets, or what not for a living; while the younger sons dwindle out in an economical celibacy. The middle classes imitate the upper, and are afraid to launch forth on the sea of matrimony without sufficient ballast in the shape of money-bags. Only the working-classes and the very poor seem devoted to marriage, and this for obvious reasons. With them the wife is not a burden, but a help. But in the so-called "leisured" classes, the charm of the home seems to be evaporating. Woman, too, has developed her critical powers as well as her sense of humour, and the result is that she rarely takes the Miltonic view of her husband or possible husband. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the gilt is off the gingerbread, and nothing short of a social revolution seems likely to bring it into high favour again.

## "Where County Councils Rule."

Mr. R. Cunningham-Graham, with his usual felicity, has found the exact phrase to explain this falling-off from the ranks of marriage. "In the lands where County Councils rule," he says, "no one has time for love or hate till his position is secured, and he begins to feel the ache between the shoulder-blades." Now marriage is an adventure which should be tried by young blood and high hopes. It is not for the fatigued and the disillusioned; and yet it is such persons who too often embark upon it, and who are surprised when they experience its irksomeness and its mutual responsibilities.



[Copyright.]

VERY BECOMING TO THE FIGURE: A DRESS IN FLAMINGO-ROSE, TRIMMED WITH FOLDS OF DARKER VELVET AND VELVET-COVERED BUTTONS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Something of a Find. Last week, I was talking about the curious "treasures" that one comes across when turning over, for any reason whatever, all one's personal possessions. Amongst other strange finds, I have just brought to light a rather shabby little book, bound in a cheap red leather. On the front cover is inscribed, in flowing letters of gold, the magic word "ALBUM." And what do you suppose this little album, guarded safely by me for so many years, contains? Epitaphs! Not of my collecting, let me hasten to add. The album was evidently confided to my keeping by a member of my family. Many hands have contributed to it. I hope the writers will forgive me if I steal from them what they, in their turn, stole, I presume, from gravestones. I wonder whether the ramifications of our eccentric copyright law extend to epitaphs? The first is entitled—

## ON AN OLD RAG-AND-BONE COLLECTOR.

Here lies old Jones,  
At one time a collector of bones,  
Till Death, that Grim and Awful Spectre,  
That all-amassing Bone Collector,  
Boned old Jones, quite neat and tidy,  
And here he lies, all bona fide.

The next one, "On a Photographer," is very brief: "Here I lie, taken from life." I have a hazy notion, too, that it is fairly hackneyed. But how about this?—

## ON A CLERGYMAN.

The horse bit the parson.  
How came it to pass?  
The horse heard the parson say,  
"All flesh is grass."

Presumably, therefore, the bite proved fatal.

Martha Gwynne, I fancy, must have been something of a trial to her neighbours. There are Martha Gwynnes in most English villages and small country towns—those good souls who feel that their special mission in life is to chronicle, by word of mouth, the moral deviations of their friends and acquaintances.

Poor Martha Gwynne:  
Her was so very pure within,  
Her cracked the shell of her earthly skin,  
And hatched herself a cherubim.

Martha Snell, on the other hand, must have been a very different sort of Martha—

Poor Martha Snell:  
Her would if her could, but her couldn't stay  
She'd two bad legs and a baddish cough,  
But her legs it was as carried her off.

It is not often that an epitaph is handed down to fame merely on account of a scribbled tag to it, but I came across such a case in my little album. The epitaph is sufficiently solemn—

Remember, man who passes by,  
As you are now, so once was I.  
As I am now, so will you be;  
Therefore prepare to follow me.

A light-hearted wag, refusing to profit by the warning, wrote underneath this inscription—

To follow you I'm not content  
Until I know which way you went.

The most pathetic epitaph in the album, I think, is one written over a woman who was always tired—

Here lies a poor woman as always was tired,  
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired:  
Her last words were: "Friends, fare ye well! I'm a-goin'  
To where there's no washin', nor ironin', nor sewin'!"  
Then grieve not, my friends, though from you I must sever,  
For I'll have a nice time doin' nothin' for ever.

"Oh! everything there is exact to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washin' o' dishes,  
And the courts with sweet anthems eternally ringin'—  
But, havin' no voice, I'll get rid of the singin'!"  
She folded her hands—'twas her latest endeavour—  
Saying, "Nothin'! Dear nothin'! Sweet nothin' for ever!"

They were not always too kind to the memories of the departed in the old days. Quarrelsome or talkative women came in for this sort of thing—

Here lies, thank heaven, a woman who  
Quarrelled and stormed her whole life through:  
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form  
Or else you'll raise another storm.

And again—

Here lies my wife, and let her lie.  
She is at peace—and so am I.

William Smith's record is worth noting—

Here lies William Smith, and, what is somewhat rare,  
He was born, bred, and hanged in the same parish.

And now my little album returns to its drawer. It has served, at any rate, to bridge a gap. My next page of Notes, friend the reader, all being well with me, will have come to you from the other side of the Atlantic.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

## Fig-Leaves and Fury.

There was tremendous excitement in Paris over the railway strike, no doubt, and it has not calmed down so greatly as is supposed. The fury of the strikers, however, did not dismay the American ladies who were buying their fig-leaves for the autumn season. One of them wrote: "Alexander" (her lord, but not her master—American wives are always better horses) "guesses it may be a revolutionary movement. We both think the fashions very tame and very homely—no change to speak of: women like water-pipes with big extinguishers on top, the shorter the pipe the bigger the extinguisher. Toques are better; I've ordered a few of these that my friends will find me in without help from a search-party. I've had to buy tube dresses; luckily, I can fit into them, having been quite conscientious with my cures and diet. It is very good that we can come back this week and I can bring all my fig-leaves along!" The fury was not again alluded to in the letter, but the fig-leaves were frequently.

## Le Dernier Cri.

During the Paris strike a leading paper described the Duchess of Newcastle, at a race-meeting, as wearing "a striking costume, with a toque to match, which had wings at either side." Nothing could have been more up to date, save aeroplanes at either side, to render the wearer independent of railways.

## His Miniature Majesty.

Every household where he is owns his sway. He is never rebelled against: revolutions, save those of fascinating wheels, move him not at all. What does move his Majesty the Baby is having his internal machinery put out of order by the wrong kinds of food. A booklet called "The Baby"—published by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Chemists to the King, 143, New Bond Street, which will be sent free to anyone applying for it by postcard—will do all that is necessary to keep the peace and prosperity of his miniature Majesty's dominions. It is a complete, instructive brochure for the care of babies. Although it is a guide to mothers, I cannot conscientiously recommend it to the youthful entomologists who make collections of moths, two of whom are said to have expended a precious tip on a volume entitled "Hints to Moth-ers."

## Cardinal Virtues.

The chill of autumn makes one think of comfortable garments; personal vanity more than inclines one to study their becomingness. A woman without personal vanity is like a house without furniture. What will be found warm and becoming is the Wolsey blouse, made of honest, health-protecting, warmth-retaining wool, with a Wolsey guarantee that each blouse is unshrinkable. The cost is from 6s. 11d. upwards, and the blouses can be obtained from all drapers and stores. Such virtues are surely cardinal Wolsey!

## Feathers and Fur Not Flying.

Peltry and plumage are being used in harmony to trim the newest models of the autumn. Who could have anything more charming than a dress of white drap-de-soie trimmed with silvery grebe? It is made with a kimono bodice bordered with this lovely plumage, and round the tube skirt are bands of grebe. A rose-coloured velvet dress is bordered on the bodice narrowly, and on the skirt rather widely, with mink. Swansdown is being used to trim evening dresses, and eider-duck is also being used freely as a trimming. Edging chiffon with fur is very *chic*, and net tunics bordered with either peltry or plumage are being worn over satin and crêpe-de-Chine dresses for smart afternoon functions.

## Eat All You Can, and Can All You Can't.

Among the many awards at the Brussels Exhibition, none have been more thoroughly deserved than the double honours to those valued friends of all good housewives, Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Ltd., of Histon, Cambridge. Their remarkable merit in canning English fruits met with recognition in the Grand Prix, highest and only award for this English industry, which supplies us with fresh fruit at any season. Then Messrs. Chivers' jams have come in for a similar award.

## Cloth and Velvet.

Many of the dresses for the winter are of cloth, in the new soft shades of bright colours. The smartest trimmings are of velvet when fur is not suitable. Many women prefer to wear fur coats and fur sets to using it as trimming. On "Woman's Ways" page is illustrated a dress in flamingo-rose cloth, trimmed with folds of velvet a little darker in shade and velvet-covered buttons. The long lines are very becoming to the figure.

How the hearts of Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn would leap up if they could behold a copy of the Onoto Diary. Not but what it is meant rather for reminders of coming events than recording reminiscences. It is made in two sizes and several kinds of leather. The prices range from the modest tanner to 13s. 6d. With every copy, Messrs. De La Rue issue a £1000 insurance coupon.

The apotheosis of the Boy Scouts will be reached on Nov. 5, for they form the subject of one of the latest novelties introduced by Messrs. James Pain and Sons, the famous firework manufacturers, for the due celebration of the day so dear to the hearts of boys and girls. Another of the new devices introduces Halley's Comet, which will display its tail in the sky on Saturday evening. "And there are others" to add to the list of brilliant effects for which the enterprising firm is celebrated wherever people have "money to burn."

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.*

THE Bank Return, showing the reserve below £23,000,000, left no alternative but to adopt stringent measures, and the Egyptian demand for gold, which is by no means exhausted, made the dreaded 5 per cent. inevitable. Already the Bank has taken measures to make it effective, and has raised its buying price for foreign coin. The Bank figures were less unfavourable than had been expected. As was natural, gilt-edged securities, especially Consols, suffered most, and if the high Bank Rate lasts any time, or we have the much-talked of Naval Loan, we shall inevitably see a further decline in price. On the whole, however, the markets held their own very well in the circumstances, but the speculative account is very restricted, which, perhaps, is fortunate.

## RUBBERITES.

There is a great discrepancy between the estimates of the various experts as to the amount of Malay rubber likely to be marketed live or six years hence. Mr. Rutherford puts it at 35,000 tons, whereas Sir John Anderson, in his now-famous speech, thought it would be 70,000 tons.

\* \* \* \* \*

If the higher estimate should prove the truth, we should hardly suppose the Companies can expect more than sixpence a pound profit.

\* \* \* \* \*

We believe Mr. Rutherford will prove to be nearer the truth than Sir John, for the simple reason that prices will otherwise come down to such a point that all the weak Companies will go to the wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

No doubt, before that time we shall have combinations, restriction of output, and all the other devices of modern civilisation to keep up the price. Let us hope they will prove more effective than in the case of the Nitrate industry.

\* \* \* \* \*

The trouble in Shanghai is very serious, and although there was little or no arbitrage dealing between that port and London, it has affected Singapore and Hong Kong, where a good deal of such business was done.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our advice to all Rubber investors is to leave the wild Rubber Companies severely alone. They are, as a rule, nothing but traps for the unwary, especially those of South America and West Africa.

## HOME RAILS.

Brighton A have been quite the feature among Home Rails, touching 95 at one time; but the rise in the Bank Rate and the failure to settle the boilermakers' strike caused the week to end with a dull tone. If the Home Railway Market had only a reasonably large "bear" account open, it would be in a more satisfactory state—which, though strange, is true. Midland Deferred are at the moment the favourite stock, if we may judge by the large buying that has gone on. Current rumour has it that, despite the good traffics, which have added £131,000 to the takings, there has been a large saving in working costs.

If the Ordinary and Deferred stocks of our big lines are attractive, the Preferred seem almost more so, for such things as South Eastern Preferred yield £5 2s. 7d. at present price, and Central London Preferred £4 13s. 7d., returns which would have made people's mouths water not more than a few years ago.

The interesting problem in this market is whether or not the Great Central will be able to pay any, and if so, what, dividend on the 1891 Preference at the end of the current half-year. Everything depends on the ratio of working expenses, but assuming that these will come out at about 64½ per cent., it looks as if some dividend will be received by the long-suffering holders in the beginning of 1911.

## COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

\* The impending bonus to be paid out of the land assets of the Canadian Pacific is generally talked of as 5 dols.; but it is not likely that any such distribution can be made for a couple of months. The market both for Canadas and for Trunks and Bays is by no means a bad one, and we fully expect that our prediction of 125 as the goal of Canadas will be realised within the next few months.

The Cuban hurricane has depressed the stocks of all the island railways, but we believe it will be found that, while the tobacco crop has suffered heavily, the sugar plantations have escaped lightly; and the damage done to the United Railways of Havana system is not of a serious nature.

The meeting of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern passed off well, and the Chairman took the opportunity to emphasise the steady broadening of the sources of revenue in the case of all the big Argentine lines. The new shares of the Great Southern, issued at 1 premium, and now to be bought at about ⅔ premium on the issue price, appear a good investment, yielding as they do about £4 8s. per cent., and when fully paid, being convertible into the existing Preference stock, the price of which has fluctuated from about 118 to 125.

The total required to pay the full Preference dividend is only £400,000 a year, whereas there is a margin available for that purpose of over £1,000,000. The chief point of interest at the Mexican Railway meeting was the announcement that oil-fuel will probably be brought into use by the end of this year. This should bring about an important saving in working costs.

## THE INVESTMENT PROBLEM.

How much interest can one expect to get on money, with reasonable safety? The problem is perennial, if not perpetual, and the answer changes with the seasons—in other words, with the Bank Rate. Reasonable safety is, of course, a relative term, and would be interpreted variously by different people. But it seems to us that 4 per cent. is a modest rate—one that certainly can be expected from high-class securities, and which should be obtained with almost no risk at all. There are those who regard even 4 per cent. as savouring of the speculative, and for their benefit we set out last week the yields given by purely gilt-edged issues, the returns ranging from 2½ per cent. on Consols to 3½ per cent. on Home Railway Preference stocks and some few Colonials, allowing for income-tax at 1s. 2d. in the sovereign.

## FOUR PER CENT.

To start at this level, a fairly wide choice lies open. There are good Corporation stocks, Colonial Railway Debentures, Foreign Government Bonds, and suchlike, from which selections can be drawn. Again we must refer to a recent Note, in which suggestions were offered for the least expensive way of investing money. When a bond or an inscribed stock is equal in the matter of security, either costs considerably less than registered stock or shares so far as charges are concerned. A little list of securities paying 4 per cent. may be offered—

Stock or Bond.	Price.	Dividends payable.
Johannesburg .. .. .	100½	April 1, Oct.
Copenhagen 1910 .. .. .	97½	March 15, Sept. 15.
Turkish, Egyptian Tribute .. .. .	99½	April 10, Oct. 10.
Grand Trunk Debenture .. .. .	101½	March, Sept.
New York Central Gold Bond 1934 .. .. .	99½xd.	May 1, Nov. 1.

With these, it is hardly necessary to say, the chance of any particular rise in capital value must be dismissed as improbable. All that could be expected from them would be a quiet advance of perhaps two or three points.

## FOUR-AND-A-HALF PER CENT.

Travelling on to a more extended circle, 4½ per cent. may be regarded as a useful rate which the investor ought to get without running any great amount of risk. He will probably look round for something of this sort—

Stock or Bond	Price.	Divd. p.c.	Payable.	Yield.
Argentine Government Sterling	99	4½	Apr. 1 Oct. 1	4 10 11
Japan " 1st Series	99½	4½	Feb. 15 Aug. 15	4 10 8
Brighton Railway Preferred	133	6	Feb., Aug.	4 10 3
Great Northern Railway Preferred	93	4	"	4 6 0
Atchison Preferred	105	5	"	4 15 3
Underground Electric Railways				
Prior Lien Bonds	103½	5	May, Nov.	4 16 10

There are, of course, very many others quite as good as these, but with reference to the above little list it must be pointed out that Nos. 3 and 4 stand an excellent chance of rising in price. The last in the table is redeemable at par; but as a full 2½ per cent. coupon becomes payable on Nov. 1 next, the chance of possible loss in this connection is not worth consideration.

## FIVE PER CENT.

Under this heading march the Foreign Government bonds, of which a selection was set out here at the end of last month. The prices given at that time have been mostly improved upon to some extent, because the tendency is to put increasing supplies of capital into foreign bonds, and already a shortage exists amongst the favourite issues. As regards other stocks, the Home Railway Ordinary descriptions should receive dividends for the final half of this year that will bring the yield up to 5 per cent. on the money for the whole twelvemonth. But many people object to Home Rails even now, and then we would refer to the Government bonds mentioned above, and to the following short catalogue, namely—

Stock, Etc.	Price.	Divd. p.c.	Payable.	Yield.
City of Mexico Bonds	101½	5	Quarterly	4 18 3
City of Nagoya	100½	5	Mar. 30, Sept.	4 19 9
Leopoldina Preference	103½	5½	"	5 2 1
Bovril Preference	22s.	5½	Feb., Aug.	5 0 0
Lyons Preferred	24s.	6	June, Dec.	5 0 0
Anglo-Arg. Trams, 1st Pref.	5	5	"	5 0 0

Further variety can be obtained by the addition of the 5 per Cent. Bonds of the Traction, Light, and Power Companies in the Canadian-South-American group. They fluctuate comparatively little, and this is an advantage to some people, who prefer steadiness to the risks of rise and fall. Mexican Light and Power, Rio Tramways, and Para Electric Railways are Companies whose 5 per cent. bonds stand between 95 and par.

## FIVE-AND-A-HALF TO SIX.

After leaving 5 per cent., the investor gets into more speculative regions, and his choice becomes almost bewildering in its area. It behoves him to walk with circumspection and wariness, but we



put forward this list as affording good illustrations of what can be found in different markets—

Stock or Share.	Price.	Dividend per cent.	Payable.	Yield.
Anglo-American Tel. Pref.	107½	6	Quarterly	5 11 7
West India and Pan. 1st Pref.	10	6	May, Nov.	6 0 0
London Gen. Omnibus "B" Deb.	88	5	Jan., July	6 16 4
Mexican Railway 1st Pref.	143½	8	April, Oct.	5 14 4
	(cum £4)			
Slaters Preference .. .. .	21s.	6	Jan., July	5 14 3
Calico Printers Pref. .. ..	18s. 6d.	5	Mar., Sept.	5 8 1
Buenos Ayres Western .. ..	123½d.	7	April, Oct.	5 13 10

With these we will take leave of the subject for the time being, in the hope that the securities indicated may prove of use as guides to some of our readers. Each bond, stock, and share has been carefully considered before its inclusion, and by mixing together the investments, it will be seen that at all events 5 per cent. can be obtained without the running of undue risks by the investor.

Saturday, Oct. 22, 1910.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPHINX.—We should take the profit on half the shares, and see it out as to the rest. It is a gamble pure and simple.

BARTON.—(1) The position is that the ore is of the most refractory kind, and that the difficulty of treatment is said to be practically overcome. If this is so, the Preference shares should be worth buying. (2) We think so, but it is a gamble.

SCOT.—The cause was the loss of machinery by a shipwreck, and the consequent delay in starting crushing. Don't sell; buy more.

EDEN AND E. B.—See this week's Notes, which will give you what you want.

A. G. S.—We cannot tell you what the present position is. Only the Official Receiver can even make a guess. We anticipate the depositors will make a heavy loss.

SAN.—A bucket-shop of the worst type. How can you be so silly as to think you can make money by speculating in active stocks on 1 per cent. margin? It is mere midsummer madness.

N. B.—Nos. 1 and 2 are good Companies. No. 3 is a second-rate, over-capitalised concern. We believe you will buy all of them cheaper in six months if you have patience to wait.

INEXPERIENCED INVESTOR.—(1) You had far better have nothing to do with the concern. (2) You can take no steps. Like the rest of the creditors, you must wait, and, as the estate is realised, you will get your share. (3) We know of no company. All who have tried it have "gone broke."

G. W. (India).—Neither bank would suit us for deposits. It is because they are weak that they pay higher prices than their stronger competitors.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Cambridgeshire will be won by Lonawand; other selections for Newmarket are: New Nursery, Braxted; Houghton Handicap, Take Care; Richmond Nursery, Zohara; Jockey Club Cup, Royal Realm; Ditch Mile Welter, Artisan; Dewhurst Plate, St. Anton; Durham Stakes, Succour; Criterion Nursery, Killin. At Folkestone these may go close: Folkestone Handicap, Koul; Dover Handicap, Gay Milan; Moderate Two-Year-Old Plate, Criton; Cliff Welter, Cophetua.

It has been anticipated for some time that the Colonies would eventually produce a tobacco suitable for the English market. The new tobacco produced in Nyasaland, to which attention was recently drawn by an Imperial Institute report, is considered by all who have tried it to be the equal of the best Virginian. It is a luxury in smoking tobaccos, and has quite a distinctive flavour which appeals peculiarly to the English taste. Nyasa tobacco must not be confused with Boer tobacco; it is entirely different. Nyasa is made solely by Messrs. R. and J. Hill, Ltd., of London. Although a luxury, it is inexpensive.

Smokers must have often wondered how it is that no one has yet invented a pipe the mechanism of which really prevents nicotine getting into the mouth. They need wonder no longer, as a simple article (the Syringe Pipe) that is easy to clean, having no complicated mechanism, and leaving no moist tobacco at the bottom of the bowl, will soon be placed on the market. The tobacco retains its original flavour, the stem and mouthpiece being free from foul smoke and nicotine. The formation of the syringe is a perfect nicotine trap, into which all moisture falls, and cannot be drawn up into the mouth. The syringe is made so that with one downward movement of the piston the pipe is cleaned from bowl to end of mouthpiece. The smoke, having to pass through the large body of the syringe, is condensed and cooled before entering the mouth. The old-fashioned, dirty method of cleaning a pipe by means of a wire, string, straw, feathers, etc., which is only a crude, imperfect, and certainly unpleasant task, is entirely obviated by the simple process of pressing a piston in a syringe, from which there are no odours and which does not soil the hands, but which removes all nicotine moisture and obstructions effectually in a sanitary and expeditious manner. From a hygienic point of view, having a clear straight bore through which dry smoke only is drawn into the mouth, it prevents expectoration and all the ailments that follow that disagreeable and insanitary habit. With this invention in general use, we should hear no more of smokers' throats, nicotine poisoning, etc., and similar ill-effects of smoking.

## A Tobacco with Individuality

# NYASA

## Smoking Mixture

Nyasa is unlike all other tobacco—it possesses an individuality of its own. It is unique in the fact that, to British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths yet sold at a moderate price. Gives a cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it to-day, you will be delighted:



Price **5d.** per oz., or in Cartridges—packets of 14, **5½d.**

### NYASA Cigarettes

**3d.** per packet of **10**

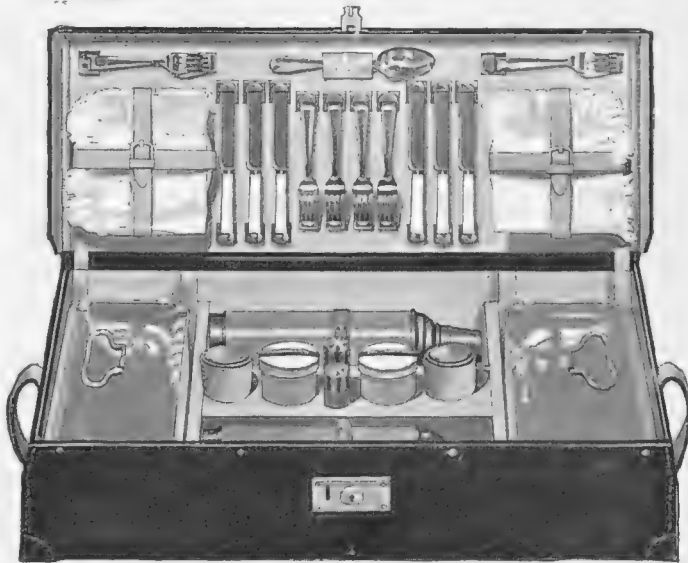
If you have any difficulty in obtaining NYASA Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes, send a postcard to the manufacturers for addresses of the nearest tobacconists who sell it. Made solely by

R. & J. HILL, Ltd., London, E. Estd. 1775.



## MOTORING. NEW LUNCH CASE FOR RUNNING BOARD.

This case is of durable black patent, with attractive red lining, and is fitted with superior fittings. The two sizes accommodate two pint or two quart size heat-retaining bottles. Prices shown do not include above bottles.



No. 854.  
Fitted for 4. Size 28 by 9½ by 6½ ... **£4 6 6**  
Fitted for 6. Size 28 by 11½ by 7½ ... **£5 0 0**

### MARK CROSS Ltd

ENGLISH MAKERS OF LEATHER GOODS AND GLOVES.

ADDRESS IN LONDON: **89 REGENT STREET W.**

# The Art of Defeating Time.

A POET once said that nothing is so difficult to destroy as feminine beauty.

Perhaps, did we all live under the conditions primarily intended by Nature, the skin and complexion might be left to take care of themselves. Did woman live always in the sunlight of forest or meadow, sleeping under the trees, breathing pure air, eating the simple foods of Nature, and wearing the costume of Diana, her beauty would, perhaps, be more radiant and more enduring than it is to-day. Very much p-e-r-h-a-p-s. The return to the simple life advocated during the last few years may be a step in the right direction, but however that may be, the fact must be faced that centuries of luxury and artificiality in dress, living, and habit generally, have left their mark upon the race—a mark not easily obliterated except at the hands of one who has made the work a life study. If, then, by some influence or other, woman's natural beauty becomes endangered; if her complexion loses its radiance; her skin grows sallow, faded and withered; the cheeks hollow; the brightness of the eye and freshness of lip depart, and the handwriting of Time becomes inscribed in wrinkles or furrows—what methods shall be taken to stay his hand; to win back charms impaired or regarded as lost?

They are the methods of Nature, but developed, elaborated, and adapted during long years of study, and practised here in London to-day by a Viennese lady, Madame Helena Rubinstein, known to all fashionable society, whose establishment, Maison de Beauté Valaze, is located at No. 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, the very centre of a region of London wherein reside the majority of the members of Madame Rubinstein's roll of patronage. Titled ladies, the immediate associates of Royalty, the leading English, French, and American actresses (whose enchantment nightly holds, thrills, or diverts us across the footlights), the beautiful *mondaines* of our age, and all those who feel the imperative suggestions of Nature

to gain and keep good looks, flock to Madame Rubinstein's establishment—to be impressed with her skill, to wonder at the systematic and scientific character of her methods, to marvel at the results she achieves in this her serious work of Beauty Cultivation, and to revisit her until such time as her work is accomplished.

A full and detailed account of her specialities for home use, by those who are unable to visit her, and of the unique and exclusive treatments employed at her establishment, the Maison de Beauté Valaze, at 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, W., will be found in Madame Rubinstein's Book, "Beauty in the Making," which points the way to prevention and relief. This book will be sent post free on application. Madame Rubinstein's mode of obliteration of lines and deep wrinkles, her latest method of removing "crows' feet," the treatments for the correction of dryness, greasiness, muddiness, or blotchiness of the skin carried on by her are as near perfection as can be attained by competent and skilled human efforts.

So rapid and sustained has been Madame Rubinstein's progress that she has now been obliged to take a step hitherto undreamed of in the practice of facial Beauty Culture. This is no less than the instalment of a lady medical practitioner of Russia and Paris, whose training at the Parisian St. Louis and St. Antoine Hos-

pitals, and in the principal hospitals of Russia, places her skill on a very high plane. This clever Continental physician is permanently attached to the Maison de Beauté Valaze, and Madame Rubinstein's clients become in this manner *safeguarded in every way*.

Every reader of this article should be on the roll of Madame Rubinstein's patronage.

A letter addressed to her or an interview with her at her establishment does invariably solve the most serious complexion difficulty.



MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN.

## BOUDOIR SPECIALITIES

SUPPLIED BY

The Maison de Beauté Valaze.

### VALAZE.

A lady of high social standing, whose name, well known to every woman in the land, discretion forbids to mention, has said, "Valaze is as necessary to me as fresh air." Why? Because it yields to the skin active stimulation, true nourishment, and convincing beauty, ensuring freedom from lines, crows'-feet, freckles, and tan. By its use blotchiness gives way to clearness, softness, and smoothness of skin. Valaze is sold in jars at 4/6, 8/6, and 21/-.

### VALAZE COMPLEXION SOAP

contains many of the properties of the Valaze Skin Food. It carries into the skin the glow of health, and gives that transparency and satiny feel which are such typical results of all the Valaze preparations. 2/6 and 4/6 a cake.

### DR. LYKUSKI'S BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE CURE

banishes these disfigurements. It closes enlarged pores, cures a greasy, coarse skin, and assists in preserving a healthy complexion. Price 3/6 a box. No. 2 of same, for more obstinate cases, 6/-.

### VALAZE POWDER AND NOVENA POUDDRE.

Mme. Rubinstein is the first Complexion Specialist to differentiate between the dry, moist, oily, normal, and "shiny" skin when advising the use of powders. This accounts for her supplying several varieties—the Novena Poudre, a "fatty" powder for dry and normal skins, and the Valaze Complexion Powder for greasy or moist skins. In boxes, 3/-, 5/6, and 10/6. Then there is the special medicated variety, "Poudre No. 3," which should be used on those parts of the face which are inclined to be "shiny," as the nose, and not infrequently also the cheeks and chin. This powder is not for general use, but only for the purpose mentioned, and is supplied at the price of 5/- a pot.

### VALAZE SNOW LOTION

(a superb Viennese Liquid Powder) is a beauty lotion *par excellence*. It refreshes, cools, and whitens the skin, and enables it to retain that dull, ivory finish so much sought after. Price 4/-, 7/-, and 10/6 a bottle. *Special Snow Lotion* is an important variant of Valaze Snow Lotion, and is most strongly recommended for those whose skins are greasy. It effectually subdues "shine" or oiliness of the skin for outdoor and indoor functions. Price 7/6, 15/-, and 21/- a bottle.

### NOVENA CERATE

is an emollient skin cleanser. When the skin is delicate and sensitive or intolerant of soap and water, it should be cleansed with Novena Cerate. It is rubbed well into the skin, left on for a few minutes, then rubbed and wiped away with a soft towel. The result is a delightful skin bath, such as one finds quite a new experience. Price 2/6, 4/6, and 10/6.

### VALAZE LIQUIDINE

is probably the most interesting and remarkable preparation of the century. It overcomes many undesirable conditions, among which are enlarged pores, blackheads, undue flushing of nose and face, and oiliness of the skin, by stimulating and thoroughly cleansing the pores, and producing a finer and more healthy condition. Price 10/6 a bottle.

### NOVENA SUNPROOF AND WINDPROOF CREME

affords positive protection to the skin against the sun as well as the wind, and prevents—as Valaze removes—freckles, sunburn, tan, sallowness, and chapping and cracking of the skin, due to heat, wind, or weather. It is quite innocuous, and may be used for children. Price 3/- and 6/-.

### VALAZE SKIN TONIC

is an anti-wrinkle lotion; astringent, antiseptic, soothing, and stimulating. It is a safeguard against lines and looseness of the skin. Price 4/6, 7/6, and 21/-.

*Skin Tonic Speciale* is a lotion for skins that are dry, or that chap or shrivel from heat, wind, or cold. The use of this preparation adds not only tone to the skin, but also softness and delightful natural humidity, which alone is an indication of the human skin's condition. Price 7/6, 15/-, and 21/- a bottle.

### NOVENA EYELASH CREAM

removes redness of the eyelids, stays falling eyelashes and eyebrows, and promotes their growth. Price 5/-.

### VALAZE LIP LUSTRE

is indispensable to prevent cracking and chapping of the lips, and to ensure to them an attractive colouring, which neither biting nor moistening of the lips will prevent. Price 2/- and 3/6.

### VALAZE HAIR SPECIALITIES.

#### Hair Tonic

goes to the root of hair troubles and promotes growth where the natural process is sluggish. Its antiseptic qualities are on a par with the power it possesses of preserving and strengthening the hair and giving it softness and gloss. Price 4/- and 7/- a bottle. This Hair Tonic is very easily, effectually, and economically applied by means of an ingenious *Pneumatic Comb*, the price of which is 3/-.

#### Two Shampoo Varieties for dark and fair hair.

Mme. Rubinstein has just introduced two varieties of Shampoos, one for fair or white, the other for dark hair. These preparations differ totally in ingredients and character, the one for fair or white hair being a powder, while the specific for dark hair consists of a liquid.

Both varieties of the Valaze Shampoo are unexcelled in preventing and curing dandruff.

The price of each variety is 5/-.

#### Hair Cleanser.

Another new preparation is Valaze Hair Cleanser, a flaky substance, by the occasional use of which the hair is freed, without washing, of all excess of oiliness, grease and dust, and the scalp kept in hygienic cleanliness. 3/6 a bottle.

All these Hair Specialities are new to England and are supplied only by Madame Rubinstein.

All orders, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Madame Helena S. Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, W.



# CHIVERS'

## Canned English Fruits

The choicest Strawberries, Gooseberries, Greengages, Damsons, Victoria Plums, &c., ready for use.

## GRAND PRIX

AT THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1910.

The highest and only award for Canned English Fruit.

## First Prize Jams

The "DAILY GRAPHIC" says:—"The fruit is clean and sound when it is picked and when it gets into the boilers a few hours later. The jams are made in silver-lined pans and ladled into scrupulously clean jars with silver-plated scoops. The most exacting person could not fail to be satisfied and reassured by the cleanliness and purity in every department of the great factory at Histon."

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The Highest Award for English Jams and Fruit Conserves.

**Chivers & Sons, Ltd.,** Fruit Growers, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.



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SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK,  
K.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE.

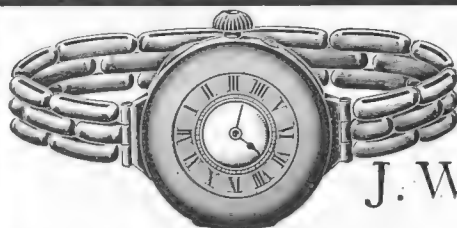
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Gold Watch Bracelets  
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# "Angelus" PLAYER-PIANOS

AS SUPPLIED TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE KING OF PORTUGAL AND BY ROYAL WARRANT TO H.M. THE KING OF GREECE.

THE MELODANT  
The Wonderful New Expression Device

THE PHRASING LEVER  
Gives Freedom And Individuality To The Performer

The charm and delight in being able to play the piano can hardly be realised until you possess an ANGELUS.

The simplicity and completeness of the patented Expression Devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in rendering artistically the World's best music.

**THE MELODANT** Expression Device (Patented), accentuates the melody or theme of the composition, giving just that exquisite humanlike effect and independence of touch which mark the performance of the accomplished pianist.

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The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous Brinsmead, Marshall and Rose, Winkelmann, &c. The extraordinary success and popularity of the Angelus Player-Pianos is undoubtedly due to their artistic supremacy and moderate prices.

Kindly call or write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 4.

**J. Herbert Marshall.**

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## FOOT'S Adjustable Chair.



"THE BURLINGTON."

Press the button—that's all.

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## "A LUXURIOUS CHAIR AND COUCH"

Simply press the button and the back will decline, or automatically rise, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is instantly and securely locked. No other chair does this.

The arms are hinged and open outwards, thus affording easy access and exit.

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CATALOGUE C 13 OF ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS POST FREE.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
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PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.

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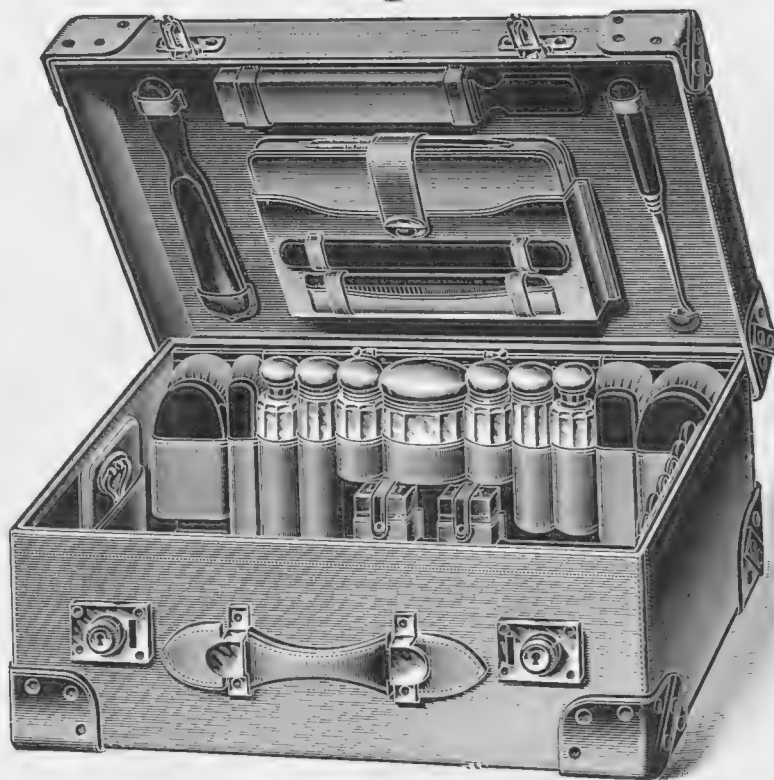
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Lady's CROCODILE Dressing Case, ROSE border,  
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Specially  
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I am Godfrey Phillips, Tobacco Manufacturer in ordinary to connoisseurs and people of taste, and your very sincere friend.

Being a philosopher as well as a man of business, I am anxious to please you, well knowing that if I fail to please you then you will seek out some other seller of tobacco and leave me in the lurch, which would not suit me at all.

Therefore, I produce the "**B.D.V. Mixture**" (Blue Label.)

The "**B.D.V. Mixture**" is a very perfect blend, mature, mild, cool, and fragrant. It contains more pleasure to the ounce than any mixture made and sold by my good rivals in the trade.

Perhaps you had better buy an ounce now.

"**B.D.V. Mixture**" (Blue Label)

of all Tobacconists. 5d. per oz., 1/8 per 1/4 lb. tin.

Manufactured by: **GODFREY PHILLIPS, Limited, London.**

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For  
**RELIABILITY**  
IN CARTRIDGES  
see that name.

The accuracy, the unfailing satisfaction afforded by ELEY Cartridges are known to sportsmen everywhere—their superiority under all conditions is beyond challenge.

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—the cartridge for wet weather, and wherever damp is present. Absolutely waterproof. Loaded 23 grs. of a specially selected smokeless powder and 1-1/16 oz. of shot.

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Another favourite—deep-shell, gastight, loaded 33 grs. smokeless powder and 1-1/16 oz. of shot.



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The Best Natural Aperient Water for sluggish bowels. Brings relief in the natural easy way. Speedy, sure, and gentle. Try a bottle and drink half a tumbler on arising, before breakfast, for

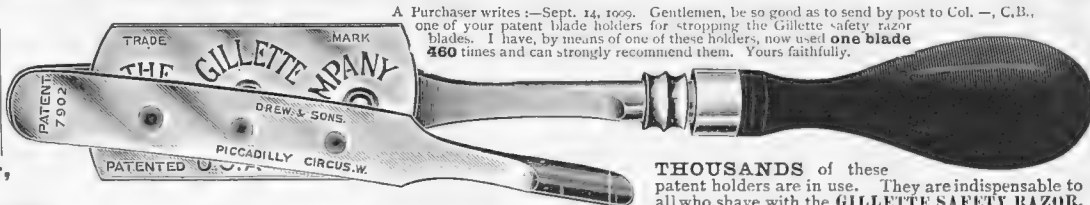
### CONSTIPATION



The  
Gillette  
Patent  
Safety  
Razor.

In case,  
with 12  
blades, 21/-

From  
**DREW & SONS,**  
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A Purchaser writes:—Sept. 14, 1909. Gentlemen, be so good as to send by post to Col. —, C.B., one of your patent blade holders for stropping the Gillette safety razor blades. I have, by means of one of these holders, now used one blade 260 times and can strongly recommend them. Yours faithfully,

THOUSANDS of these patent holders are in use. They are indispensable to all who shave with the GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR.

ALL USERS OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR should have one of DREW'S PATENT BLADE HOLDERS for SHARPENING blades that have become dull in use. The keenest edge can be obtained in A FEW SECONDS by stropping on an ordinary strop. Patent holder and instructions by return on receipt of Postal Order or Cheque for 5s. (when for the United Kingdom) of the Inventors and Sole Makers

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### ORIGINATORS & SOLE MAKERS

SPLIT-FALL  
OR  
FLY FRONT.

21/-

BUTTON  
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### SEMI-RIDING KNICKERS

Cut on the same lines as Riding Breeches—full on the Thigh—free from drag—very clean at the knee—they will be found specially suitable for Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Riding, &c.

**MATERIALS**—Real Harris and Lewis Tweeds, Cottage Mayo and Irish Homespuns, Donegal and Kenmare Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, &c., &c.

**FOR COLONIAL WEAR**—We recommend our celebrated Triple-Yarn-Proofed Washing Garbette: guaranteed thoroughly thorn-resisting and waterproofed.

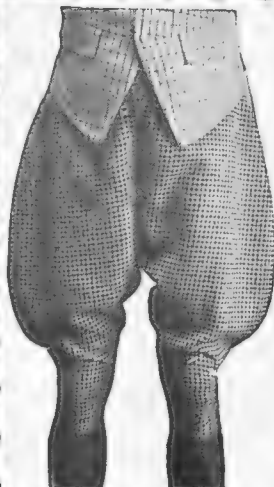
**A PERFECT FIT** guaranteed by using our Simple Self-Measurement Form.

100 PATTERNS POST FREE on application.

"Your Semi-riding Knickers are indeed excellent and I have no intention of going elsewhere for my Breeches in future. D.W.R. (Capt)."

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From a Photograph.  
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LAGAVULIN  
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Ask specially for

# WHITE HORSE WHISKY

## GREAT AGE & BOUQUET.

UNLESS ASKED FOR YOU WILL NOT GET IT.



In my opinion the Lissue is a perfect handkerchief. So fine - delicate - & soft. When it is washed it does not lose its color - but is positively improved by washing. - J. H. Allen Terry.

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HANDKERCHIEFS  
for Women of Quality.

the only ladies' handkerchiefs on which a positive Colour Guarantee has ever been given.

Six "Lissue" Handkerchiefs Free for any one which loses its colour in the laundry

If your draper doesn't stock "Lissue" Handkerchiefs, send us 6½d. for a post-free sample to enable you to see the beauty and fascination of their texture, designs and delicate colourings, and to test our striking guarantee.

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Please note we can forward only one sample to any address. With the Handkerchief we will send you name of nearest dealer stocking "Lissues."

6½d. each.

Coloured Borders or All-white.

Same Guarantee with "Pyramid" Handkerchiefs for Men of Taste.

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To be a maker of good cigarettes one must have an expert knowledge of tobaccos and tobacco-blending—and it is precisely that knowledge that enables us to produce State Express—the cigarette with a reputation far exceeding that of any other high-class cigarette.

No. 555 :

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Sole Manufacturers :  
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The Aviator

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## Handkerchiefs

Daintily Embroidered  
As Illustration (No. 31)  
7/6 per doz.

Pretty Designs  
to 30/-  
doz.

LUSTROUS  
AND FINE AS SILK,  
preserve all their peculiar softness through  
Years of Wear  
and never lose their first delicate freshness.

"Lady Anstruther would like two dozen 'Silkilon' Handkerchiefs; she likes them better than any other she has ever had."  
His Honour Judge S. Leslie Thornton, Supreme Court, Penang, writes:—  
"The 'Silkilon' Handkerchiefs I have had from you are very satisfactory—I could not wish for better."

Plain Hemstitched.

Ladies' sizes 13 in. 4/9; 15 in. 6/6 doz.  
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Supplied only by the Manufacturers—

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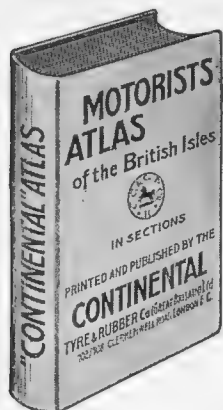
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Lurgan,  
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Samples  
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First in the 'Good Old Days'—and first To-day





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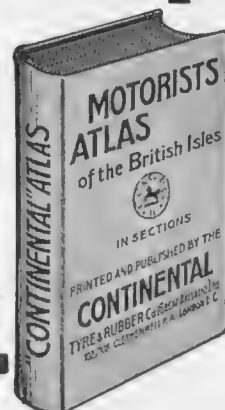
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*The Two  
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**NEW MODELS FOR 1911**  
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**Latest Success:  
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**H**ER MAJESTY THE  
QUEEN has graciously  
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the Olympia Show Week, her  
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Hooper body.

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COVENTRY.

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Quaker Oats for breakfast and supper solves the family food problem.

Not only do the children love delicious Quaker Oats and thrive on it, but the grown-ups enjoy it and get from it more nourishment than from any other food.

Put delicious Quaker Oats on your home bill-of-fare for thirty days and see how strong you all will be, and how feeble your food bills will be!



82 M

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LEVER BROS., LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT

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A Tecla Sapphire—  
Artificially genuine

A mined Sapphire—  
Naturally genuine

Absolutely no other Difference.

Professor Tecla's greatest  
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Mounted only with real dia-  
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that are the exclusive creations  
of our Paris craftsmen and exe-  
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by Petrol Gas is safe, far more brilliant and efficient than coal gas, acetylene, or any other illuminant, and considerably cheaper.

¶ Spensers, the pioneers in Petrol Gas Lighting, have installed their Ideal System in hundreds of country houses, churches, etc., also in several villages, and in every instance it continues to give complete satisfaction.

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Gas never varies in quality—  
Ready for use day and night—  
No engine to start up—  
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FOR THE HAIR

Is the Best Preparation you can use.

WHY?

**BECAUSE** without it the Hair becomes dry, thin, and brittle, and this is the nearest approach to the natural oil in the Hair, the loss of which causes baldness.

**BECAUSE** you must keep the Hair well nourished and not dry, or you will soon lose it.

**Ladies** require it to keep the Hair soft and silky.

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**Children** require it to lay the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. Sold in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Of Stores, Chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap spurious imitations and only buy the genuine Rowland's.



A SIGNAL SUCCESS

COMMENCE the  
DARK DAYS  
with VERITAS,  
the BRITISH-MADE  
GAS MANTLES

THEY CONSUME LESS GAS,  
GIVE BRIGHTER LIGHT  
THAN ANY OTHER.

OF ALL DEALERS:

Upright from 3½d. each.

Inverted from 4½d. each.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Wholesale only: VERITAS LIGHT CO., LONDON.

Unequalled for STRENGTH—BRILLIANCY—ECONOMY.



For GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM etc. Drink

# VICHY-CELESTINS

Can be used with light Wines, Spirits, or Milk.

Sole Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD., LONDON; and of all Chemists, Grocers, etc.

**EVANS' PASTILLES**

These world-famous Throat Pastilles are without an equal in imparting a silvery clearness and tone to the Voice. Being prepared to a formula of the Liverpool Throat Hospital they have a most beneficial effect on the delicate Throat membranes, relieving all Soreness due to overstrain. The most eminent vocalists speak of them in the highest praise. Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/- & 4/6 per box. Ask for EVANS' Pastilles, and refuse all imitations.

**FOR YOUR THROAT AND VOICE.**

All genuine pastilles bear a bar mark. Send 1/- stamp (to cover postage) for sample box, to EVANS' SONS, LPSCHER & WEBB LTD., LIVERPOOL.

**FLORILINE**

**FOR THE TEETH & BREATH**

Prevents the decay of the TEETH. Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE. Delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

**FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only.**

Put up in Glass Jars, price 1s.

Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., LTD., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

## Dirigibles in Warfare.

Both M. Alphonse Clément and Mr. Willie Du Cros are so intimately connected with automobilism that motorists must feel considerably gratified at the successful trip made by these two gentlemen and others in the Clément-Bayard dirigible on Sunday week last. But, in face of this satisfactory run, we have the lamentable failure of the Wellman craft, to say nothing of the gamut of Zeppelin disasters. Notwithstanding occasional fair-weather successes, the lighter-than-air dirigible does not appeal to me as likely to prove a reliable factor in actual transport. The huge area offered to the wind, when there is any worth considering, calls for such high horsepower and capability of resistance to wind-pressure that it seems impossible to carry one and present the other. Rude Boreas, when really out for business, at present prevails against both dirigibles and aeroplanes, and until he can be resisted more successfully, neither aerial vehicle can be of real account in warfare.

## Improvements at the Show.

The forthcoming Exhibition is not likely to present any startling novelty either in the matter of engines or gears. Such improvements as are foreshadowed are all concerned with matters of detail, but detail which goes far towards the all-round perfection of the automobile. Engines will be found with larger valves and less lift, for thereby quiet running is obtained without loss of efficiency. In the quest for silence, several makers are adopting damping devices in connection with their valve-tappets, while skew drives for the distribution gears will be found more general. Indeed, in one case worm transmission is introduced between the driving wheel on the crank-shaft and the driven wheel on the cam-shaft, while Hans Renold and the Coventry Chain Company's noiseless chains will be found to the entire exclusion of gear-wheels. Radius-rods, and single tube or banjo and V-shaped torque members will be found to be giving way to the employment of the tubular casing of the propeller-shaft as a torque-and-thrust member, so admitting the use of shackles at the forward attachments of the rear-springs. Some still continue to drive through the springs, but, to my mind, this is both undesirable and unmechanical.

## The Oil Fight.

When some people fall out, motorists come by their own. At least, they will be getting a little of their own back by reason of the rate-war now raging between the Standard Oil Company and the magnates who control the supply of oil coming from the East. I saw petrol offered for

sale in a south-western suburb the other day at tenpence per gallon, and nearly every car that came along stopped to replenish its tank. We are getting a little bit back now for the inflated prices demanded of us some time ago, and it is only regrettable that the motorist cannot, in the matter of his car-fuel, follow the example of the prudent householder who buys coal for winter consumption when, in the summer, it is comparatively cheap.

## Keep off Switzerland!

Some time since I advised those of my readers who contemplated a motor tour on the Continent to avoid Switzerland as they would the gentleman who is reputed possessed of cloven hoofs and a tail. Quite a number of people took me seriously to task over this warning, contending that such things could not be in the land of a nation responsible for milk-chocolate. But confirmation most absolute is to hand in the numerous complaints received by the Touring Department of the Royal Automobile Club as to the treatment of motorists in Switzerland. Heaven knows the police in this country are bad enough; but in the land of tinned milk that policeman is accuser, prosecutor, judge, and jury all at once and at the same time. Just at his own sweet will, the Swiss equivalent for a "bobby" will stop a motorist on a charge of exceeding the speed-limit, and, willy-nilly, refuse to allow the motorist to proceed until he has paid a certain amount as deposit. If the motorist indignantly objects, he is arrested on the spot, and may be detained for two or three weeks. As I have said, numerous complaints of this kind of tyranny have been received by the Touring Department; so I say—motorists, keep off Switzerland!

## The 15-h.p. Adler.

In a late issue I referred to the new 20-h.p. Adler, a car in which the engine-design meets with my entire approval, but although this new pattern is about to be put upon the market, it does not say that the older and well-tried Adler types are to be abandoned. On the contrary, the 15-h.p. Adler will again be put forward, and in this regard has been considerably improved in detail. The engine, which has its cylinders cast in pairs, has a bore of 85 mm. and a stroke of 115 mm., the cylinders themselves being surrounded by an ample common water-jacket. Much importance is attached, and rightly attached, by the Adler designers to the use of generous water-jackets. A three-bearing chromo-steel crank-shaft is used, and this is bored for forced lubrication. A great and attractive point in a car of this power and price is the provision of two distinct systems of ignition with independent sparking-plugs, rendering the owner independent of ignition failure. Clutch and change-speed gear are as in the 20-h.p. model. The 15-h.p. Adler strikes me as wonderful value all round.

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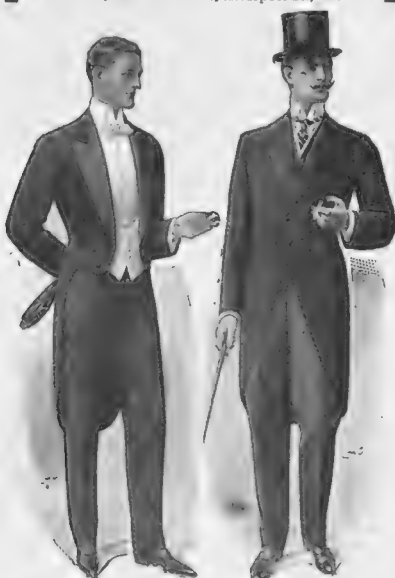
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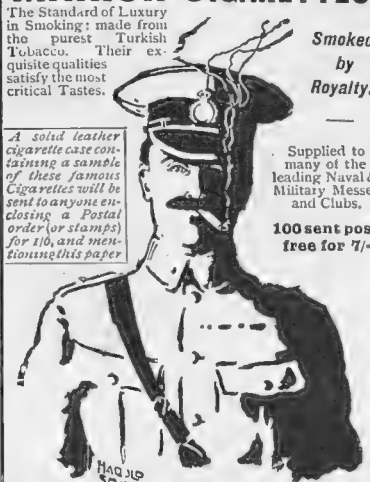
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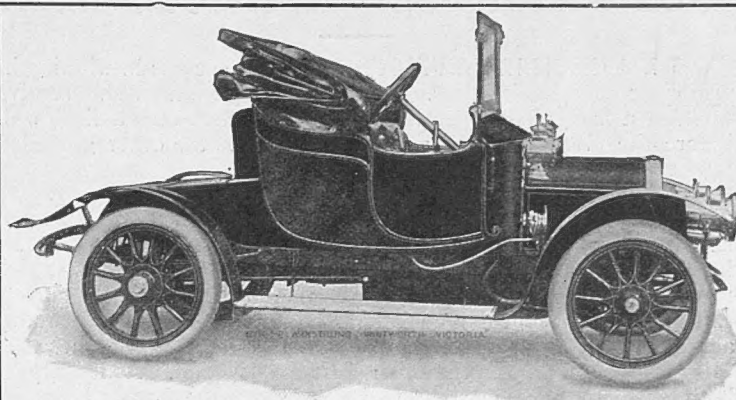
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## LADY GOLFERS FEW MEN COULD BEAT.

MISS CECILIA LEITCH'S wonderful success in winning her match against Mr. H. H. Hilton (in which she received a half) after appearing hopelessly beaten only a little while before the close, naturally attracts attention to the other great lady golfers of the time.

The first of the really great lady golfers was Lady Margaret Scott (now Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell) who won the Ladies' Championship in the first three years of the event—1893, 1894, and 1895; but she has for long been out of the game as a public thing and is hardly known to the present generation. After her there came as contemporaries two Irish girls, who for a considerable period were almost certainly a little better than any other lady players. One of these was Miss Rhona Adair, and the other Miss May Hezlet. As it happens, both of them have married in recent years, the former becoming Mrs. A. P. Cuthell, and the latter Mrs. Adrian Ross. Miss Adair, as she was, won the Championship in 1900 and 1903, was runner-up in 1901, and won the Irish Ladies' Championship in the four consecutive years from 1900 to 1903 inclusive. Her game was begun at the age of eight. She won the first open scratch medal that was ever competed for in Ireland. At the height of her fame she made a golfing trip to America, and there, playing on a different course every day, and rushing about from place to place, she was only once beaten, and returned with sixteen fine trophies. Mr. Hilton once or twice gave her a half in matches, with opposite results. A peculiarity of her methods is that she uses very short clubs, and grips them low down on the handle.

Miss May Hezlet, or Mrs. Ross, as she should be called, is one of a wonderful family of lady golfers, for her mother is a fine player and a regular competitor in the championships, while one of her sisters, Miss Florence Hezlet, has twice been the runner-up, her opponent in the final on one of these occasions being, by rather hard luck, her sister, to whom she only just lost. Probably both this championship and the Irish would have fallen to her at least once but for this elder sister of hers, who beat her three times in the final of the Irish event. As to Mrs. Ross, she won the chief event in 1899, 1902, and 1907, and was once runner-up besides, while she won the Irish Championship in 1899, 1904, 1905, 1906, and 1908. She has a magnificent temperament for the game, and excels particularly in her approaching and putting. Although to be reckoned as Irish, it must be said, after all, that she was born at Gibraltar.

The lady who is most likely regarded by the majority as the finest lady golfer playing in competitions at the present time is

Miss Dorothy Campbell, a native of Edinburgh, who won the championship last year, after having been in the semi-final on three previous occasions. She has also won the Scottish Ladies' Championship three times, and been runner-up twice. After gaining the chief event last year, she was sent over to America, and there won the American Ladies' Championship, being the first lady to secure both that and ours. Sad, for British golf, to say, she has not yet come back from the States, and only two or three weeks since she won the championship there for the second time.

She is a wonderful player in all departments of the game, never knows when she is beaten, and has the reputation for being a strong finisher. She first played the game at North Berwick, and was such a tiny child at the time that during her first mixed foursome on the men's links she became so tired that she had to be carried on her partner's shoulder for the last few holes, being set down each time it was her turn to play a shot. The first time she played in any big event was in 1903, when she competed for the Scottish Championship at St. Andrews, and got into the semi-final, although at that time she possessed only four clubs. The year after, when she played in the Open Championship for the first time, she added a driver and a niblick to them.

The reigning champion is Miss E. Grant Suttie. She is, without doubt, a great lady player with a fine style, but she had not done anything to make herself very celebrated until she won the chief event at Westward Ho last May. She is, of course, a Scottish lady; and another is Miss Titterton, who won the Championship in 1908, and was then the heroine of a most tremendous finish, for at the end of the round in the final she and Miss Campbell were squares, and the nineteenth hole had to be played. She won it in a magnificent 4.

Then there is Miss Bertha Thompson, the chief of the Yorkshire players, who won the Championship in 1905, and was runner-up in the following year. She is an all-round sportswoman, and, besides golf, is fond of hockey, croquet, and lawn-tennis. Mrs. Kennion, who won the Championship in 1906, has the unique distinction of being the only married lady who, as such, has ever done so. She had no sooner won than she had to leave England to join her husband in Persia; but she has since returned.

Miss Leitch has a great rival in the combination of youth and skill, and this is Miss Elsie Kyle, a young St. Andrews girl, who was only nineteen last August, and is therefore nearly four months Miss Leitch's junior. Yet she won the Scottish championship both last year and this. Her style is very easy and graceful, and she hits a long ball with her wooden clubs, but until recently, at all events, was not very certain on the putting-greens. She is the daughter of a well-known St. Andrews doctor.

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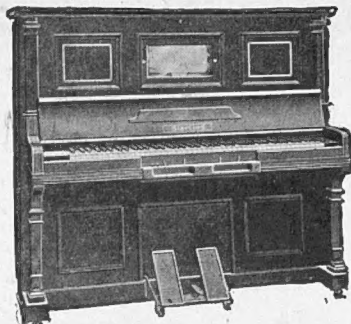
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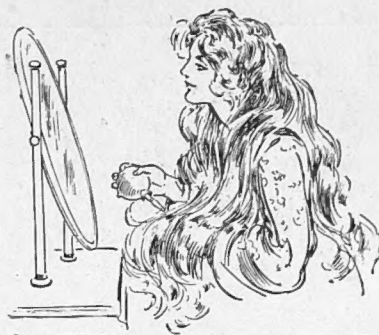
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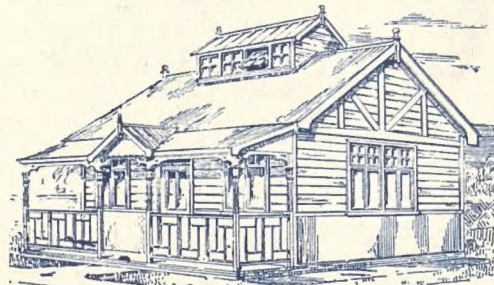
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